

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

Designed to improve the Farmer, the Planter, and the Gardener.

AGRICULTURE IS THE MOST HEALTHFUL, THE MOST USEFUL, AND THE MOST NOBLE EMPLOYMENT OF MAN.—WASHINGTON.

CONDUCTING EDITOR,
ORANGE JUDD, A. M.

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[NEW SERIES.—NO. 94

For Prospectus, Terms, &c.,

SEE LAST PAGE.

EVERY one writing to the Editor or Publishers of this journal will please read "Special Notices," on last page.

ALL letters relating to Editorial matters should be addressed to Mr. ORANGE JUDD, (the Conducting Editor).

Letters inclosing subscriptions and on other business should be directed to ALLEN & Co., Publishers, and also those referring to both departments. Editorial and business matters, if in the same letter, should be on separate sheets.

HINTS ON BUTTER AND CHEESE MAKING.

[Continued from page 225.]

15. Temperature of Cream at Churning.—

The butter being contained in little sacs (9), the object of churning is to break open these sacs and collect the butter in a solid mass. If the temperature is too low, the sacs will not break open readily, and a great amount of friction, or churning, will be required; while that portion first released will, by the long-continued agitation, become mingled with the buttermilk, and it will also be rubbed over or smear the still unbroken sacs, and retard their breaking. On the contrary, if the temperature of the cream is too high, the sacs, or a portion of them, will yield too soon, and the butter being in a soft state will not collect in a lump, but will run, and form a slushy mass. It will, as in the case of long-continued churning, coat over the still unbroken sacs, keeping out the air and preventing their perfect rupture. A temperature but a little above the proper one will materially diminish the amount of butter secured.

16. For sweet cream, the temperature at the commencement of churning should be between 50 and 55 degrees, Fahrenheit. For sour cream it may be a trifle lower. Where the whole milk is churned, the commencing temperature should be between 60 and 65 degrees. To determine the proper temperature, many experienced butter makers rely upon the hand, but it can be done more conveniently, and with much more certainty and accuracy, by the use of a thermometer, which can be obtained cheaply. One costing five or six shillings will answer every purpose. The most reliable thermometers which we have examined are made by the Kendall's. Generally, the poorest thermometers have a foreign mark. Not long since we saw a glass blower putting up hundreds of poor thermometers and marking them

"LONDON." He stated that this mark made them "go down." In using the thermometer, draw out the graduated slide holding the glass, and thrust the bulb three or four inches into the cream and move it around for some time. If the height of the mercury indicates a temperature between 50° and 55°, the churning may be proceeded with. If below 50°, hot water should be slowly added, with rapid stirring to prevent scalding or over-heating the portion of cream at the point where the water is added. If above 55°, cold water (ice water if at hand) should be used. To avoid using water, however, it is preferable to let the cream holder stand for some time in a room of the proper temperature, or to immerse it in a vessel of water, warm or cold as may be needed.

There are some churns which are constructed with a thermometer inserted in the side of the churn itself. These are very convenient, and we advise their use in preference to those not so furnished.

17. Time Occupied in Churning.—It may be laid down as a rule, that the best butter can not be churned in less than 25 to 30 minutes. Many venders of "patent churns" warrant them to bring the butter in 5 to 10 minutes. This is far from being a recommendation. Rapid agitation breaks up some of the particles quickly and mingles them with others unbroken, and the yield of butter is less in quantity, while it is inferior in taste and keeping qualities, by reason of its containing a larger quantity of casein. Time is required for the action of air upon the cream, for a uniform raising of the temperature, and for the aggregation of the particles of butter. The churning should proceed quite slowly for the first 10 or 15 minutes, and the speed be gradually increased afterward. In cold weather, or with the temperature of the cream low, a more rapid motion may be given, but with the cream pretty warm at first, or in warm weather, it is better to complete the entire churning by a moderately slow motion. What is lost in time will be far more than made up in the quantity of the butter. We said that the best butter can not be made in less than 25 or 30 minutes. We are well satisfied, both from our own experience and observation and from the united testimony of the most successful butter makers, that it is not desirable to attempt to bring the butter in less than from 1 to 1½ hours. The following two sets of carefully conducted experiments throw some light on this subject. The first series was made in August and September, each churning hav-

ing 15 gallons of cream, weighing 8½ lbs. to the wine gallon. The second, between June and August with 8 gallons of cream, weighing 8 lbs. to the gallon, except in the fourth experiment, where the cream weighed but 7½ lbs. to the gallon.

TEMPERATURE,		Time in churning.	Quantity of Butter to the gallon.	Quality of Butter.
No.	Begin'g. End.			
1....	50° 60°	4	1 15½	Very best, rich, firm and well tasted.
2....	55 65	3½	1 15½	Much like No. 1.
3....	58 67	3	1 14	Good, but softer.
4....	60 68	3	1 12½	Soft and spongy.
5....	66 75	2½	1 10½	Inferior in every respect.
1....	56 60	1½	1 1	Inferior, white, softer than No. 2 below.
2....	52 56	2	2 0	Unsurpassable in flavor and quality.
3....	52 56	2	2 0	Do. do. do. do.
4....	65 67	½	1 15	Soft, white, milky.
5....	50 53½	3	1 15½	Good, but evidently injured by churning.
6....	53½ 57½	1½	2 1	Most excellent, solid as wax; high flavor and color.

These experiments show that the best butter was produced when the cream at the commencement was not above 55°. When above this, the butter was soft, white, spongy, &c. In this single circumstance, too great warmth of cream, we think, is to be found the chief source of poor, soft butter, so common throughout the country. The larger quantity of the poorer cream (15 gallons), in the first experiments above, required more time in churning. With the smaller quantity (8 gallons), in the second table, long churning injured the butter. In churning sweet cream, almost every family practices "adding something," if the butter is long in coming. A little vinegar, or alcohol, (spirits of wine or whiskey,) may sometimes be beneficial. We would recommend no other substances, and these are seldom necessary if the proper temperature is provided for. If the churning is done in a warm place, as by the side of a fire, or in a very cold room, the temperature of the cream will soon be increased or diminished, and by so much will the result be less satisfactory. In a cold day let the churning be done in a room moderately warm, but at a distance from the fire, and in a hot day seek a cool place, where the thermometer stands not above 60°; or, if this can not be done, let the churn stand in a tub or barrel partly filled with cold water.

18. Treatment of the Butter.—As soon as the butter is gathered in the churn, remove it to a cool place and commence washing it immediately. This should be done thoroughly, for upon the rapidity and completeness of the separation of all traces of the buttermilk, will depend the quality—especially the keeping

quality—of the butter. As before stated (6 and 7) the casein and sugar, and not the pure butter itself, furnish the elements of rancidity and bad flavor. The better plan, where butter is designed for long-keeping, is to work or knead it till all the buttermilk is removed, then work it over with a little cold water in which a small quantity of soda has been dissolved—never more than half a teaspoonful to a gallon of water. The soda will assist in dissolving out the remaining casein and in neutralizing any acid already formed. When butter is not designed for keeping, the washing may be omitted, as, to some tastes, it slightly deteriorates the peculiar flavor of new butter. If the working is thoroughly done, there is less need of washing. In all cases let all water used be of the purest quality obtainable, and avoid all foreign substances. The smallest particle of lint, or organic substances of any kind, in butter, becomes the center of decay. The perspiration from the hands of the operator, is frequently the beginning of deterioration.

19. *Salting Butter.*—The first requisite is to get good salt. Most of that sold in market contains considerable quantities of the chlorides of magnesia and lime. These impurities are easily removed, and it is best to do this in salt for butter or cheese. To 8 or 10 lbs. of salt add a quart of boiling water, stir well now and then for an hour or two, pour off the water and hang up the salt in a straining cloth, or bag, to dry. The water will dissolve out the impurities, and some of the salt. This may be set aside to evaporate, and the refuse given to cattle, or used to salt green hay, so that there will be no waste. The salt thus prepared will be far superior for dairy use to that usually found in market. The amount of salt to be added to butter depends upon its freedom from casein—that is, upon the amount of working and washing it has received—and upon the length of time it is to be kept; and also upon the manner of packing, and the climate or degree of heat to which it is to be subjected. If butter is thoroughly freed from casein, and packed in vessels nearly air-tight, with the salt well worked in, and when not to be subjected to high temperature in warm climates, it will keep well with less than half an ounce of salt to the pound. Where none of these conditions are met, one and a half ounces, or even more, is required. About three-fourths of an ounce is the average quantity required. Many of the best butter makers recommend to add one-half of the salt, and let it stand 24 hours; then work over again, adding the other half. This process removes more of the water, and, as a consequence, more of the casein. It should be remembered that a particle of salt should come in contact with every particle of casein, and to be sure of this, the salt should be thoroughly worked in. To secure uniformity in adding the salt, spread the butter in a thin sheet, sprinkle a little salt all over the surface, roll it together, and repeat the process till all is added.

20. *Packing Butter.*—For home use, stone-ware vessels are undoubtedly the best. For transportation to distant markets, wood-

en vessels must be used. These should always be made of perfectly seasoned timber, and be water-tight. There is so much danger of flavor from the wood, that we have recommended heating the inside of the butter tubs nearly to charring, and then soaking them in a strong brine for a few hours or days. The heating can be done by placing them over a small coal-furnace, or by kindling a fire of shavings on the inside. No harm will be done if the entire inside is charred. The aromatic sap of the wood will by this means be destroyed, and the tubs will be all the more durable. After burning, the inside should of course be scraped entirely clean. The importance of this recommendation will be appreciated when we state, that one-half of all the butter carried to market in this country is more or less changed in flavor by the packing tubs. In putting down the butter, let it be thoroughly pressed together, to free it from confined air, and then let its surface be kept as much as possible from access of air. If the tubs or firkins can be headed up, so much the better. We have kept butter in a tub unchanged for an entire year, by covering it with a strong brine.

We have thus thrown out a few hints, which are probably all well known to good butter makers, but we write not for such especially. We may sum up the whole matter in a few words—cleanliness, temperature, and thorough working of butter. The great points in butter-making are, churning at 50 to 55 degrees, working out the casein (buttermilk), and working in the salt. Those who have a thermometer and strong arms, have the most essential implements for making good butter. We shall continue our hints upon cheese-making.

THE BEDFORD MOWER TRIAL.

REPORT OF THE JUDGES.

To the President of the Society of Agriculture and Horticulture of Westchester County:

The Committee appointed to decide upon the merits of the Mowing machines shown at the exhibition held under the auspices of the Society of Agriculture and Horticulture of Westchester County, at the farm of A. F. Dickinson, Esq., of Bedford, on the 15th and 16th of June inst., respectfully report:

That they were very greatly pleased with the performance of every machine exhibited, and can confidently say that they believe any one of them would give satisfaction to the farmers of the country, and when all are so excellent, it becomes a matter of considerable difficulty and embarrassment to the Committee to decide which one of them embodies the greatest number of desirable qualities. But as they all possess peculiar excellencies we will specify them under the following heads:

1st.—Operation of the machines on fair ground, driven at first by the same driver and team and afterward by the exhibitor's themselves or under their direction:

On this point your Committee find that the machines of Allen, Hallenbeck, Ketchum, and Manny are of equal excellence.

2d.—The lowest and smoothest cut of each machine:

Your Committee are of opinion that upon this point there is no marked difference in

the four machines just mentioned, (Allen's, Hallenbeck's, Ketchum's and Manny's).

3d.—Trial on rough uncleared bottom:

Your Committee on this point give the preference to Allen's and Russell's machines.

4th.—Evenness of grass as left by the machine for curing:

We find that the machines with the iron cutter bar have the preference in this respect.

5th.—Freedom of knives from clogging:

We are of opinion that the machines of Hallenbeck, Ketchum, Manny, and Russell, on account of the finger caps not reaching back to the finger-board, are least likely to clog.

6th.—Amount of power required to perform a given amount of work:

Your Committee think there is but little difference in this respect between the machines of Allen, Hallenbeck, and Manny.

7th.—Facilities of transportation from one field to another, and for escaping obstructions in the field:

We believe that Manny's machine has advantages over any other in this respect.

8th.—Durability and simplicity of construction:

We believe Allen's and Ketchum's the most durable, and Hallenbeck's the most simply constructed machines exhibited.

9th.—Cost of machines:

Allen's.....	\$120
Forbush's.....	120
Ketchum's.....	120
Ketchum's, made by Hull.....	120
Manny's, made by Adriance.....	120
Manny's, made by Ball.....	115
Russell's.....	125
Hallenbeck's.....	106
Ketchum's, (one-horse machines).....	95

Your Committee in this report have included under the term of Ketchum's machines, that of Hull, and the one-horse Mower manufactured by Ruggles, Nourse & Mason. And also where Manny's is spoken of they mean to include the machines manufactured by Adriance of Worcester, Mass., and by Ball of Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

The machine brought upon the ground by Mr. Griffing, (Forbush's patent,) is not included in this Report, as the proprietors from some cause were not satisfied that it had a fair trial, not being able to have it in proper order.

R. MOTT UNDERHILL, Yorktown,
JEREMIAH HOWE, Lewisboro',
SAMUEL TEED, Somers,
STEPHEN BARNES, Northcastle,
HENRY WOOD, Bedford,
Committee.

We promised an account of the above trial, but the candid and excellent report of the Committee saves us the trouble of saying more than a word or two in explanation. The Tribune gave, on the 16th of June, the only report we have seen, and this is being copied by several exchanges. That report referred only to a part of the first day's proceedings, and was very unfair, inasmuch as the entire work laid out by the Committee was perfectly done, except the first swath.* The hardest and indeed the only severe test of the Mowers, was made on the second day, upon rough and stony ground; and upon

* The reporter estimated machines present as weighing from 500 to 525 lbs., whose weight was about 675 to 700 lbs. This is a fair sample of his correctness! The machine which he was certain "would take the first prize," did not make its appearance at the bruising trial in the clover field. It is very certain if it had, it would have been dangerous to the driver on such rough ground, and it would probably have come out of its swath worse injured than any other tried that day. So much for his judgment in such matters!

grass thoroughly wet with a hard rain of two hours' duration just before the trial commenced. The crop was clover in full blossom, about 18 inches high; and the ground covered with stones, from the size of a hen's egg to that of a man's head; while there were many sharp rocks projecting above the ground from 3 to 9 inches.

Such was the grass field alluded to in the 3d point in the report, as "rough, uncleaned bottom." The Committee's report tells the result. We will only add that Allen's machine (patented by S. S. Allen of New Jersey—which seems from some cause to have been singled out by the Tribune's Reporter for special condemnation as "unsatisfactory to the public and the proprietors,") cut cleanly and beautifully over this rough ground, gathering the loose stones upon its fingers and tossing them behind, and gliding smoothly over the fast stones. Instead of being "unsatisfactory," both the proprietor and the spectators considered it a complete triumph. It came out of the rough trial uninjured, save two or three nicks in a knife, not larger than a pin's head.

On smooth ground, all the machines entered did very well; and the whole trial demonstrated the capability of Mowers to take the place of the hand-scythe, even on meadows which were thought to be proof against their use. That this was so, we think is evident from what we have just learned from the manufacturers of Allen's Mower, viz: that they have received a large number of orders from Westchester County since the trial. We presume the manufacturers of other Mowers will tell a similar story.

We are much pleased with the result, both at the above trial and at others, some of which are noticed in our advertising columns, to which we refer our readers. We are glad to see in prospect an end to "back aches" over the old scythe, and also the complaints of a lack of laborers at just the time when grass most needs to be cut. Now that their perfect practicability is established by actual field trials, several thousands of Mowers, and Mowers and Reapers, will be used this season by our farmers.

COL. J. M. SHERWOOD'S SALE OF SHORT HORNS, AT AUBURN, N. Y., JUNE 20, 1854.

BULLS.

1. Third Duke of Cambridge (5941)—not sold.
2. La Fayette, red, calved June 5th, 1852, got by Vane Tempest (10,469), to Mr. Osborn, of Sandusky, Ohio.....\$350
3. Powhattan, roan, calved September 20, 1852, got by Vane Tempest (10,469), to Mr. Taylor, Ontario Co., N. Y.\$120
4. Novelty, white, calved Nov. 24, 1852—not sold.
5. Pope, red, Jan. 24, 1853, by Earle Seaham (10,181), to S. B. Payne, Geddes, N. Y.\$415
6. Young Cambridge, red, March 4, 1853, by 3d Duke of Cambridge (5941), to Edw. Jones, Stamford, Canada West.....\$500
7. Waterloo, red, July, 1851, by same as No. 2, to Mr. Butler, Seneca Co., N. Y. \$135
8. Chataque Chief, roan, August, 1854, by imported Harrold 2d, to Mr. Birdseye, Onondaga Co., N. Y.\$55

9. Prince Albert, red, April 26, 1855, by Earl Vave, to Mr. Ashton, Galt, Canada West\$75

10. Red Jacket, Nov. 3, 1853, by 3d Duke of Cambridge (5941), to J. W. Wilkin, Orange Co., N. Y.\$500

11. Schenandoah, Dec. 27, 1853, by same as No. 10, to Balkerell & Robinson, London, C. W.\$500

COWS.

1. Red Rose 2d, imported, bred by Mr. J. Stephenson of Durham, Eng., red, Nov. 1846, by Napier (6238), to Ambrose Stevens, \$300

2. Red Rose 4th, same breeder as last, red, October 22, 1849, by Earle Chatham (10176), to Mr. Ashton, Galt, C. W.\$925

3. Red Rose 5th, red, by 3d Duke of Cambridge (5941), to B. & S. Haines, Elizabethtown, N. J.\$600

4. Red Rose 7th, red, October 1852, by same as No. 3, to Mr. Ashton\$620

5. Red Rose 8th, roan, July 24, 1854, by same as No. 3, to Mr. Osborn, of Sandusky, Ohio\$250

6. Red Rose 9th, red, January 26, 1855, by same as No. 3, to Thomas Gould, Aurora, N. Y., (re-sold to J. W. Wilkin, Orange Co., N. Y.)\$350

7. Lady Sale 2d, roan, bred by same as No. 1, got by Earl Chatham (10176), to Mr. Ashton\$610

8. Lady Sale 4th, white, Nov. 20, 1854, by same as No. 3, to J. R. Page, Sennett, N. Y.\$400

9. La Polky 2d, roan, April 9, 1853, by Vane Tempest (10,469), to J. W. Wilkin, Orange County, N. Y.\$410

10. Phantom 3d, roan, April 24, 1853, by same as No. 9, to J. W. Wilkin\$450

11. Lady Brown, roan, 3 years old, by Gen. Halsey, to Mr. Osborn\$200

12. Style, roan, by imported Young Waterloo (2817) to Mr. Osborn\$220

13. Lady, red, Dec. 1851, by imported Windle (5667) to Mr. Osborn\$310

14. Flower, Aug. 18, 1853, by imported Wolviston, to Mr. Osborn\$260

15. Pink, Aug. 31, 1854, by Woolviston, sick, unsold.

16. Red Rose 10th, roan, May 30, 1855, by same as No. 3, to Mr. Ashton\$350

Nine Bulls sold for.....\$2,650

Average per head\$294 44

Fifteen Cows sold for.....\$6,255

Average per head\$417 00

Total—24 Animals sold for.....\$8,905

Average per head\$371 04

PRESERVATION OF WHEAT FROM THE ATTACKS OF THE WEAVEL.—M. Caillat, in the Comptes Rendus, a French journal, says:

"The efficacy of tar in driving away the weavel and preserving the grain, is an incontestable fact. My father had, a long time ago, his granaries, barns, and the whole house, infested with these insects, so much so that they penetrated into all the chests, and among the linen. He placed an open cask impregnated with tar in the barn, and then in the granaries; at the end of some hours the weavels were seen climbing along the walls by myriads, and flying in all directions away from the cask. On moving this tarred vessel from place to place, the premises were in a few days completely cleared of these troublesome and pernicious guests. The agriculturist who wants to get rid of weavels, may, as soon as he perceives their presence, impregnate the surface of some old planks with tar, and place them as required in his granaries. Care must be taken to remove the tar from time

to time in the course of the year, to prevent the return of the insects."

HOW TO USE A MOWING MACHINE.

Some of our best tools upon the farm are entirely useless for want of a little ingenuity or practical knowledge of the best method of using them. We lent our seed sower this spring to a neighbor, but he soon returned it unable to use it, through we had found it an indispensable article, doing the work of a half dozen men and doing it better. This is especially true of more complicated tools such as the new mowers and reapers that have lately come into use. Some farmers purchase these or take them on trial and pronounce them a failure, when the difficulty lies in the operator, and not in the machine. We requested an intelligent farmer, whom we found last summer mounted upon his mower, and doing a sweeping business with it, to give us some notes of his mode of operating the machine. We received the following private communication, which he will pardon us for laying before our readers, as it contains some hints, that will be of service to those who are just beginning to use these labor-saving machines:

WALNUT GROVE, Stonington, Ct., June 20, 1855.

DEAR SIR: * * * My machine was not so perfect as they make them this year; but after overhauling, fitting, wedging, oiling, and filing, so that every wheel would work freely, I started it with two horses. It went on very well for 10 or 15 minutes in rather light grass, but when coming into a spot of little heavier, it rolled up the cut grass under the shoe or flat iron brace, that goes from the under side of the cutter to the main frame, which clogged it up so much that the cutter was raised off the ground, and I was brought to a stop. This occurred every few moments, owing to this shoe not being polished or smoothed on the under side. I found after it became worn a little it did not occur so often. The next difficulty was from the sharp shoe or tooth at the outer end, which would also gather, and take the grass along until it accumulated a large mass, which would raise the cutter over the grass. In order to guard against these two difficulties, I started a man to follow me with a rake, and told him to watch the weeds, and if he saw the grass accumulating, to pull it quickly and carefully off and over the knife. This I found answered the purpose well, and as they got worn smoother the trouble was less. But I found it necessary to have a man follow it with a rake, as when I stopped to clear the grass out it was necessary to haul the machine back a foot or so, and clear the hay all out from the teeth to let the motion get well started before it struck the grass. The next thing I discovered was that the knives must be kept quite sharp, stopping often to touch the edges with a stone and Rifer; also a fine flat file was useful when we had been in contact with a stone. We easily rubbed them up, by blocking up the end of the cutter. These short stoppages made a good rest for the horses, which is necessary as it is pretty heavy work.

I also found it important to grease the knife frame throughout. Care should be taken, while sharpening, to throw the wheel out of gear; as you might lose a finger, if the horses should start. After these discoveries I got it to working very well. Further experience showed that it cut much faster and easier, after the dew was off. The wet grass clogged up the slats in the feet and sometimes hung to their points. I f d

could do fifty per cent more work in dry grass than in wet.

It saves time to go round a large area in mowing rather than a small one and to have a space cleared at each end to drive the machine out upon, and to work the knives free of grass. They also are very convenient for the purpose of sharpening.

Let no one become discouraged by the failures and difficulties of the first day, and conclude that a machine is worthless because it does not work well at once. After four days of hard work, I got to understand it well, and worked it very much to my satisfaction. With two men at the corners and edges, with scythes about half the time in the morning, and the machine commencing at 7½ to 8 o'clock, we got done by 12 as much hay as all my force could get up by night, working till 7½ to 8, and I frequently had 14 men in the field. I cut for myself 45 acres, and 8 for Mr. Noyes. Some of my hay cut 2½ tons to the acre. The work is hard for horses, but as you use them but half a day and rest and water them often, they get along very well with it. And, take it altogether, I think it a very useful and saving machine. I calculate it cleared more than half its cost last year. I can well imagine that many persons would soon be discouraged in starting one of them, but I am very certain if they will persevere, and understand how to work it, they will never be without it, especially when good mowers are so hard to get in these days. I have no doubt ere long some improvement will be made in them, making them run with much more ease. I should have added above that, I go into the field with three knives all sharp, but two generally does the work of the day, changing during the forenoon once. If you can make out of this hasty description of my experience, an article that will enable some one else to use them successfully, I shall be very glad, as I think they meet the wants of farmers who cut much hay.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES J. DAY.

ST. PETERSBURG BIRD MARKET.

Perhaps for a stranger, the most interesting portion of this world of markets is that of the Tshukin Dvor, where the birds are sold. Two long rows of booths are full of living specimens of ornithology; pigeons, fowls, geese, ducks, swans, larks, bull-finches, siskins, and hundreds of other singing birds, are there collected, and form the most picturesque and variegated menageries that can be imagined. Each booth is of wood and open at the front, so that the whole of its contents may be seen at once by the passing stranger, who is saluted with such a concert of cackling, crowing, chattering, cooing, piping, and warbling, as would suffice to furnish the requisite idyllic supply of melodies for a hundred villages. Between the opposite booths are usually such bridges as I have already described, from which the pictures of saints are suspended, for the edification of the devout. On these bridges and on the booths whole swarms of pigeons are constantly fluttering about, the peaceful Russian being a great lover of this gentle bird. Each swarm knows its own roof, and the birds allow themselves to be caught without much difficulty when a bargain is about to be concluded. The pigeon is never eaten by a Russian, who would hold it a sin to harm an animal in whose form the Holy Ghost is said to have manifested itself. Pigeons are bought, therefore, only as pets, to be fed and schooled by their masters. It is curious to see a Russian merchant directing the flight of his docile scholars. With a little flag fastened to a long staff he conveys his signals to them, makes them at his will rise

higher in the air, fly to the right or left, or drop to the ground as if struck by a bullet from a rifle.

The poor little singing birds—the larks, nightingales, linnets, bullfinches, &c.—must be of a hardier race than in more southern lands; for in spite of the bitter frost they chirrup away merrily, and salute with their songs every straggling ray of sunshine that finds its way into their gloomy abodes. The little creatures receive during the whole long winter not one drop of water, for it would be useless to offer them what a moment afterwards would be converted into a petrified mass. Their troughs are accordingly filled only with snow, which they must liquefy in their own beaks when they wish to assuage their thirst.

Moscow is famed for its cocks, and here the Moscow cock may be seen proudly stalking about, in cages and out of them. The best pigeons are said to come from Novgorod, and Finland furnishes the chief supply of singing birds; geese are brought even from the confines of China, to be sold as rarities in the Tshukin Dvor, after a journey of more than 4,000 miles; grey squirrels may be seen rolling about in their cages like incarnate quicksilver; while rabbits and guinea-pigs, without number, gambol their time away in their little wooden hutches. Within the booth, a living center of all this living merchandise, behold the merchant, closely enconced in his wolfskin, and ready to dispose of his little feathered serfs at any acceptable price. At the back of the booth, be sure, there hangs a saintly picture of some sort, its little lamp shedding a cheerful light to guard the feathered crowd against the evil influence of intruding demons; but there are evil spirits that the good saint can not banish. Man is there to hold in chains or to sentence to death, according as it may suit his calculations of profit, or the caprices of his palate. On shelves around are ranged the trophies of his murderous tribe, and the northern swans, the heathcocks (*reptshiki*), and snow-white partridges (*kurapatki*), are piled up under the very cages from which the captive larks warble their liquid notes.

It is astonishing what a quantity of these birds are yearly consumed at the luxurious tables of St. Petersburg. In winter the cold keeps the meat fresh, and at the same time facilitates its conveyance to market. The partridges come mostly from Saratoff, the swans from Finland, Livonia and Esthonia supply heathcocks and grouse, and the wide steppes must furnish the trapp geese which flutter over their endless plains, where the Cossack hunts them on horseback, and kills them with his formidable whip. All these birds, as soon as the life-blood has flown, are converted into stone by the frost, and packed up in huge chests are sent for sale to the capital. Whole sledgeloads of snow white hares find their way to the market; the little animals are usually frozen in a running position, with their ears pointed and their legs stretched out before and behind, and when placed on the ground look at the first glance as if they were in the act of escaping from the hunter. Bear's flesh is also sometimes offered for sale in this market; and here and there may be seen a frozen reindeer lying in the snow by the side of a booth, its hairy snout stretched forth upon the ground, its knees doubled up under its body, and its antlers rising majestically into the air; it looks as if, on our approaching it, it would spring up, and dash away once more in search of its native forests. The mighty elk, likewise, is no rare guest in this market, where it patiently presents its horns as a perch for the pigeons that are fluttering about, till, little by little, the ax and the saw have left no fragment of the stately animal,

but every part of it has gone its way into the kitchens of the wealthy.

Similar markets for birds and game will be found in every large Russian city. Indeed the habits and fashions of the Russian markets are completely national. Those of Moscow vary but little from those of Tobolsk; and Trkhutsh, Odessa, and Archangel have shown themselves equally servile in their imitation of the metropolitan bazaars.

J. G. Khol's "Russia."

CROPS, FRUIT, &C, IN DELEWARE.

Mr. Jesse Higgins, writing from McDonough, Del., under date of June 23, says:

Much is said about the flattering prospect of the crops. The wheat in this section is backward, and will not be ready to cut before the first of next month. I have no reason to believe there will be a large crop—though the country could present few finer fields than we have had here in years past—the seed having been put in very late, in consequence of the drouth, and the winter acting on it severely, on account of the little snow. It now promises to head well, and we may have an average crop, but not more. The oat crop will be larger than we have had for years. Corn is backward yet, but as we have warm weather now, the prospect is good. Peaches are rather too plentiful, it being necessary to shake many trees to prevent their breaking.

NARCOTICS.

The learned Dr. James T. Johnson, whose valuable work—"The Chemistry of Common Life"—is receiving great attention in England and our own country, has the following interesting statement in regard to the narcotics mankind indulge in. It will be inferred that the man of science has but slight faith in the virtue of legal enactments. He says:

Siberia has its fungus—Turkey, India, and China, their opium—Persia, India, and Turkey; with all Africa from Morocco to the Cape of Good Hope, and even the Indians of Brazil, have their hemp and haschisch—India, China, and the Eastern Archipelago their betel-nut and betel-pepper—the Polynesian islands their daily ava—Peru and Bolivia their long-used coca—New Granada and the Himalayas their red and common thorn-apples—Asia and America, and all the world, we may say, their tobacco—the Florida Indians their emetic holly—Northern Europe and America their ledums and sweet gale—the Englishman and German their hop, and the Frenchman his lettuce. No nation so ancient but has had its narcotic soother from the most distant times—none so remote and isolated but has found within its own borders a pain allayer and narcotic care-dispeller of native growth—none so savage which instinct has not led to seek for, and successfully to employ, this form of physiological indulgence. The craving for such indulgence, and the habit of gratifying it, are little less universal than the desire for, and the practice of consuming the necessary materials of our common food. Thus it may be estimated that the several narcotics are used:

Tobacco.....	among.....	300 millions of men.
Opium.....	".....	400 "
Hemp.....	".....	200 to 300 "
Betel.....	".....	100 "
Coccol.....	".....	10 "

SCARCITY OF HORSES IN EUROPE.—A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, writing from Paris under date of May 31, remarks on the state of the London horse market as follows:

Ladies' saddle-horses are not to be had neither are carriage horses, which will sur

prise you. In thirteen days' search I could not find a decent pair for sale at any price. If this war lasts another year, the Europeans will be importing horses from America; and it would be well worth the attention of our farmers and breeders to raise large horses, sixteen handers, fit to draw a heavy carriage, or carry a heavy man. Good gentlemen's saddle-horse are still to be found, by paying for them; a first-rate one stands you in \$800.

EXPERIMENTS IN RAISING RABBITS.

Being well pleased with the Lop-eared or Madagascar rabbits, I endeavored to breed them, but failed in many instances. After much inquiry I came to the conclusion that to insure success we must conform our management and food as nearly as circumstances would permit, to the climate and productions of their native country, and on so doing, our success will mainly depend.

Ex. No. 1.—Erected at considerable expense, a covered building 23 by 12, divided off into pens 4 by 8, with every convenience for a winter or summer residence, and dedicated it "Our Rabbitry." Gave the rabbits good and sweet hay and oats, all they would eat—ripe and sound apples every day—turnips all they would eat, and sometimes gave a medium sized cabbage leaf to a full grown rabbit—sometimes would omit for 2 or 3 days giving anything but hay and oats—gave no water at any time; and the result was they were doing well; and as the man we read of said, "He was doing well, and wanted to feel better."

Ex. No. 2.—We commenced in the spring, and continued to the middle of July, giving them all they would eat of excellent green clover and other succulent food, and lost some of the old stock and every young rabbit before 4 months old.

Ex. No. 3.—Commenced cutting short of all green food, cabbage and the like in particular, and was getting along better. Our old rabbits did not die, and succeeded in raising one or so of each litter. Thinking it would do a litter of young (3 months old) good, made a pen out in the open ground, partly covered so as to shield them from a storm, and they all died before 3 weeks.

About this time we were getting over the "rabbit fever," but our friend handed us "Delamater on Rabbits," &c., and we began to "breathe easier," and quietly submitted to follow out his directions as far as our climate and circumstances would permit, and have succeeded in doing well up to last week, when we thought, as a final and last experiment, we would just try Mr. Rotch's system of feeding, on an old doe, which until this time had been with us through all our adversities. The result was we buried her on the 28th of May, 1855.

To breed successfully, "Madagascar or Lop-eared Rabbits," dry food—temperature, summer and winter, about 75 degrees Fahrenheit—"hands off, or look but don't touch the young," and it will apply to the old—and if you desire to feed grass, cut and let it dry one day in the sun. We have of late given a small handful fresh cut without dew or rain upon it, but give it as a salad. Give no leaves of cabbages or the like at any time.

The past winter we fed the best of hay and oats, all they would eat, together with a medium sized ruta бага or turnip, to a full grown rabbit, each day, and occasionally the stumps of cabbages, but on no occasion leaves, as we feel certain it will do them no good, and will injure in a greater or less degree. Avoid placing your hutches in a damp place or draughts of wind, as it is certain death to the old and young.—J. RAMSEY, in Country Gentleman.

For the American Agriculturist.

RECIPES.

SUPERIOR BREAKFAST CAKE.—Three cups of corn meal; one cup of wheat-flour; one egg; two cups of sweet milk, one cup sour cream, or in the absence of cream, a little butter, one teaspoonful saleratus, do. of salt. Bake in a quick oven. A little molasses improves it.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup molasses, one egg; one-half cup milk, if sweet, use cream tartar and soda, a large table-spoonful drippings or butter, a little ginger, and salt.

BAG PUDDING.—One pint new milk, one egg, two parts of corn meal to one of wheat flour, handful dried fruit, teaspoonful salt. If sour milk is used add teaspoonful saleratus. Stir not very stiff.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Saturate the spots with melted tallow, then wash in suds. This is the best way I ever saw.

STARCH FOR LINENS.—I have seen much said about different ways of preparing starch, and have tried many with indifferent success. I like the following as well as any. Allow one teaspoonful starch for each bosom, and dilute with cold water, till it is just thin enough to stir well, then pour in boiling water till it is cooked. Boil it from twenty to thirty minutes, and it is ready. I sometimes add a small piece of butter or clean tallow boiling. Care should be taken, not to make it too thin at first with cold water.

I have observed with regret that of late the *American Agriculturist* contains but few recipes, and wishing to see more I send the above, hoping that it may induce others to do the same. They are not all original with me but I do not remember to have seen any of them in print.

LIBBIE.

We thank "Libbie" for her effort to add to the interest of the *American Agriculturist*, and hope she will continue it. We prefer full particulars as to order of adding ingredients, method of mixing, baking &c. One recipe thus fully described will attract more attention—and be adopted by others sooner than a hundred giving an outline only.

We have a large drawer full of recipes, but generally do not publish any thing of this kind unless it possesses peculiar merit, and is attested by some one who speaks from practical experience.—Ed.

NUMBER OF SEEDS IN GIVEN WEIGHTS.—Mr. Melvin stated, in a late discussion at an English Farmer's Club, that, after several trials, he had found that—

1 lb. of red clover, of good quality, gives per acre to each superficial foot	64 seeds.
1 lb. yellow clover, (<i>medicago lupulina</i>)	6 "
1 lb. white clover	16 "
1 lb. rye grass	5 "

But, as a large number of the seeds sown do not vegetate, and many of the plants which come up die, it is necessary to sow much larger quantities than are specified; and Mr. M. recommends, for an acre, 8 lbs. red clover, 2 lbs. white do., 2 lbs. yellow do., with one bushel of rye grass, which, by his computation, affords 100 seeds rye grass, 50 of red clover, 23 white, and 12 yellow clover, per superficial foot. In this country, a good substitute for the rye grass would be the same quantity of red top per acre.

WISE LEGISLATOR.—A shrewd farmer in the Vermont Legislature declined answering the speech of a member who was remarkable for nothing but his pugnacious impudence and self-conceit. "For, Mr. Speaker," said he, "I can't reply to that speech, for it always wrenches me terribly to kick against nothing."

Horticultural Department.

NEW-YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

JUNE EXHIBITION.

We are happy to chronicle an interesting and successful exhibition by this society, after a somewhat lengthened period of retirement from public effort; and we confidently hope this is but the beginning of new life and energy. This city has the men and materials for the noblest horticultural efforts. All that is wanting to success is enterprise and confidence. The chief difficulty with the past has been a lack of confidence resulting from one or two unfortunate enterprises. The successful show of last week, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather, will tend to inspire hope and awaken activity in the future.

The show of flowers, &c., was quite large, and embraced a considerable variety. The two most prominent features were the display of choice Roses and elegant bouquets. There were several long tables of Roses and other cut flowers, including many fine specimens of Verbenas, Gladioles, Syringas, Peonies, Carnation Pinks, several varieties of Cactus flowers, fancy Geraniums, Pansies, Callas, Eschutas, &c. The show of Fuchsias was not very large, but consisted of choice specimens in excellent training. Mr. Thomas Hogg, of Yorkville, exhibited two rare Orchids, one of them the *Coryanthe maculata*, or air plant, from Damarara. This, we believe, is the second time it has bloomed in this country. The blossoms are light brown and delicate salmon color. From two minute tubes tear-drops are continually falling into the boat-shaped cup beneath, while a mimic bird sits perched upon the edge of the cup sipping from the fountain. Near these were specimens of the *Caladium bicolor*, *Ardisia crenulata*, *Polypodium aureum*, &c.

The bouquets and baskets of flowers, and the floral design, we will not attempt to describe, for they must have been seen to be appreciated. We do not call to mind any former exhibition where we have observed upon one table an equal number of so large and so tastefully arranged specimens.

There was a good show of Strawberries, including Hovey's Seedling, Schneike's Pistillate or Longworth's Prolific, Crimson Cone, Jenny's Seedling, Iowa, and Burr's Mammoth. Mr. Chorlton exhibited the fine specimens of Grapes noticed last week in our report of the Brooklyn show. We saw also the much admired *Cissus discolor*, noticed in that report. It had visibly increased in size. It is a Brazilian plant, and was exhibited by Martin Collopy, gardener to Mr. J. H. Prentice of Brooklyn.

We have not room for further particulars. The general arrangement of the room exhibited excellent taste, and the whole show was highly creditable to all who participated in getting it up. The names of the principal contributors we have omitted above, as they will be found in the premium list given below.

An address was expected from William

Cullen Bryant, the Poet, but he was absent for the reason stated in the following interesting letter to Wilson G. Hunt, Esq., the President of the Society, which was read to the audience by the Secretary, Peter B. Mead:

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, June 19, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR:—May I ask of you to lay before the company assembled this evening in the rooms occupied by the Exhibition of the Horticultural Society my apology for not appearing to address them as I had engaged to do. For some days past I have suffered with a swelled face which has prevented me from preparing myself for the occasion in the manner I wished, and which unfits me for appearing to-day.

It had been my intention to advert to some of the more remarkable triumphs of horticulture in heightening the beauty of flowers and improving the quality of fruits, and thence to draw encouragement for those who follow this pursuit in our own country. The favorite varieties of cherry in France and England decay for the most part the instant they ripen in the warm and often showery weather of our June and the beginning of July, and we have yet to acquire varieties suited to our climate which will preserve their freshness a reasonable time after maturity. The apricot blossoms are so often nipped by the Spring frosts that they can never be relied on to produce fruit, and we have yet to inquire whether more hardy, or, at least, later blooming varieties, could not be found on the declivities of Lebanon, or further North on the skirts of Caucasus, which are in some cases covered in large tracts with apricot trees. I intended to have given some facts from my own observation to show that the grape of Europe in its natural state is not by any means the agreeable fruit we find it in the cultivated varieties. From these and from the tendency of our native grape to run into innumerable varieties, I thought it might be reasonably expected that we should yet produce on vines of a hardier and more luxuriant growth native grapes, rivaling in every respect those of the old world. I meant to show that the American gooseberry naturally passes into varieties very different from each other, and from this to infer the improbability of the fruit to such a degree that we might hope to produce it of as large a size and as fine a flavor as those of England, yet free from the mildew which attacks the English gooseberry in our climate. The fruit of the American blackberry is naturally of a finer flavor than the European and greatly varies in quality even in the fields. We may yet have as many varieties of this fruit as of the raspberry. No attempt, I believe, has been made to improve the fruit of the American plum, whether the Chickasaw, the red or the beech plum, while the art of the gardener has been exhausted in obtaining from the plum of the old world varieties most remarkably different in size and flavor, from the little mirabelle of the size of a bullet to the magnum bonum vying in dimensions with the peach. If the custard-apple of the West had been a native of Europe, can we suppose it would not have been brought into the gardens centuries ago, cultivated with care, rendered prolific, improved in size and flavor, and made a common table fruit in its season?

One of the most splendid garden flowers is the pansy. Its parent is the little three-columned violet of Europe, pretty, but too small to be conspicuous. By crossing it with other species of the violet and pampering the hybrid plant, a dazzling combination of glowing colors has been produced; the stalks have become tall and the petals broad. We have among the flowers of our own

fields a little white violet of intense fragrance. By the same process of hybridization it is probable that its size might be enlarged and its fragrance retained, and a new ornament be added to our gardens. We have other beautiful flowers in our forests and fields for which art has yet done nothing to make their bloom less transient. In the prairies of the West flourish bulbous plants worthy of a place on our window-sills in March with the hyacinth, narcissus and the Syrian anemone.

These are some of the topics on which I intended to dwell, and I mention them now because it seems to me that as suggestions of what may yet be accomplished in horticulture, they may be considered as not entirely without value.

I am, Sir, respectfully and truly yours,
TO WILSON G. HUNT, Esq. W. C. BRYANT.

After this letter was read, Rev. Mr. Osgood was called out, and taking the stand, he gave a short address, which was received with frequent bursts of applause. The following is an outline of his remarks:

In this world of sharp corners I have tried to do a few good-natured things, but I think to consent to come here and speak where Bryant was expected is certainly no small sacrifice. You are disappointed, and I am inclined to believe that the flowers are too; for all beauties have a kind of an understanding with each other and are fond of each other's society; and I have no doubt but there is a sympathetic vein between the beauty of the flower and the beauty of the fancy of the poet. But I remember once of reading in the poems of a Russian poet of a clod of earth that was fragrant; and they asked of it, "What is this, are you musk or amber that you are so fragrant?" And the clod replied, "Oh, no! I am nothing but earth; but the roses have dwelt near me, and their sweetness has penetrated all my being." So then listen to me, although I may be but a clod among the flowers. You expected Bryant to address you to-night. It is a pleasant thing that our great American poet has been so much interested in the culture of flowers; and it is also pleasant that he has written a letter that shows so much knowledge as well as so much heart. We find that his majestic imagination is willing to stop and see beauty in a way-side flower. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will not conceal it from you that I am in a difficulty. I am here to say something. What shall it be? I suppose that Wall-street is here to-night in good numbers. Wall-street is everywhere. I believe that he is sometimes very much calumniated. I am inclined to think that old Cent Per Cent when he is counting his dollars in Wall-street once in a while dreams of green fields and blooming flowers. Whenever a little child comes to him with a bouquet of flowers I warrant you that his heart beats in the impulses of true humanity, and old Cent Per Cent is, after all, a man. Goethe, in his Faust, makes Mephistophiles fear the influence of flowers. When he was claiming Faust a shower of roses fell about them, and soon Mephistophiles became alarmed for himself, and was so affected that he was obliged to close his nostrils lest he should be converted and be no longer a devil. The value of flowers is not what they bring in the market, but in their own loveliness. When we ask of the little flower what is its use, it can ask back to many of us, "Sir, of what use are you?" There are many of us who live a wordly and not a beautiful life, who would find it pretty hard to stand the test of the little flower's catechism. When we make a present we find it difficult to direct what to give. We desire that a gift be valuable. But there is one coin which in the market of sentiment is always gold—it is the coinage

of Nature's sweet flowers. The language of flowers always goes to the heart. It is a language not in books, but is written in the hieroglyph of Nature itself. I do not know how they learned it, but we have all had proof that they understand it; and if a person who has reached the years of discretion has never felt this language of flowers go direct to his heart, I can only say that I look upon him with feelings of commiseration. So much for the beauty of flowers, those messengers of Heaven that are constantly rebuking our gross utilitarianism, and teach us that God has made life to be lovely as well as useful. I believe that we are Americans, for I think a great deal of being an American. If we try to be something else than what we are, we simply make ourselves ridiculous. If we try to be Counts and Dukes, we are just nothing at all, neither Counts, Dukes, nor Americans. The true course is for a man to be himself, the son of his own father, and the fellow-citizen of his own fellow-citizen. With this great idea in the minds of the people, I can see a noble future for America in social refinements and beautiful tastes. We are to have a life far more beautiful and festive than we have ever known. What a connection there is between the cultivation of flowers and the refinements of home! With horticulture we have seen a new system of architecture. What name stands higher than that of Downing? Go where you will and you will see some memorial of his fine fancy—some monument of his architectural skill. We are a business people, but we believe in being a refined people, and will welcome the day when in our homes, in the green fields under the spreading trees, we shall enjoy ourselves with childhood and age, man and woman, music and flowers, and will receive the benediction of God smiling down upon us.

Previous to reading Mr. Bryant's letter, the President gave a short address, returning thanks to the gardeners and amateurs for their valuable contributions, and to the Mercantile Library Association for the use of their Hall, which had been generously tendered to them gratuitously. He stated the objects of the Society to be to familiarize the people with the science of Horticulture, to awaken a love for the beautiful, and to cultivate a taste for this chaste and elevating occupation.

PREMIUMS.

At the conclusion of Mr. Osgood's remarks, the Secretary announced the following list of premiums were awarded to the competitors in the exhibition:

Plants in Pots.—Best collections of Fuchsias, premium of \$5; awarded to David Scott, gardener to Mrs. Holbrook, 19th-st., New-York.

Best single specimen-plant in bloom, premium of \$3; awarded to David Scott for Azalea Danielsiana. A special premium of \$3 for the same, to Martin Collopy, gardener to J. H. Prentice, Esq., for Cissus Discolor.

Seedling Plants.—Premium of \$2; awarded to J. Suttle for a fancy Pelargonium.

Premium of \$1; awarded to Mr. Cranstoun for seedling Autirrhinums.

Premium of \$2; awarded to D. Boll, 49th st., for the best seedling Verbena.

Diploma awarded to James Weir, Gowanus, L. I., for second best seedling Verbena.

Roses.—Best collection, premium of \$8; awarded to M. Donadi, Astoria, L. I.

Second best collection, premium of \$5; awarded to D. Boll, 49th-st.

Roses.—Best twenty-four, premium of \$3; awarded to G. Marx, Astoria, L. I.

Second best twenty-four, premium of \$2; awarded to M. Donadi, Astoria.

Roses.—Best twelve, premium of \$2; awarded to M. Donadi.

Second best, premium of \$1; to G. Marx. The Judges also make favorable mention of two Seedling Roses furnished by Mr. Cranstoun.

Hardy Herbaceous Plants.—Premium of \$5; awarded to J. Hewett, gardener to A. Bridgeman, Astoria.

Second best, premium of \$3; awarded to W. Cranstoun, gardener to Edwin A. Stevens, Hoboken.

Verbenas.—Best collection, premium of \$3; awarded to W. & J. Park, Brooklyn. Second best, premium of \$2; awarded to James Weir, of Long Island.

Bouquets.—Best pair of hand-bouquets, premium of \$5; awarded to J. Cranstoun, Hoboken. Second best, premium of \$3; to T. O'Connor. Best Parlor Bouquets, premium of \$5; awarded to J. Weir. Second best, premium of \$3; to W. Wilson of 14th-st., New-York.

Baskets of Flowers.—First premium of \$5; to W. Wilson, New-York. Second best, to W. & J. Park, Brooklyn.

Floral Design.—Special premium of \$2; awarded to George Saul, gardener to Shepherd Knapp, Washington Heights.

Anchusa.—Diploma awarded to D. Boll for a seedling *Anchusa*.

Strawberries.—To Dr. I. M. Ward, of Newark, N. J., for the best collection, a premium of \$5.

To J. Rapeleye, Astoria, for the best quart, called Longworth's prolific, a premium of \$3.

To Edward Decker, gardener to J. Q. Jones of Staten Island, a premium of \$2 for the second best quart.

Gooseberries.—To William Cairns, of Newark, N. J., \$2 for the best quart.

To Edward Decker for the second best quart, a premium of \$1.

Grapes.—To William Chorlton, gardener to J. C. Green, Staten Island, a premium of \$5 for the best four bunches of hot-house Grapes.

To William Chorlton a premium of \$3 was awarded for the best two bunches of one kind.

Cherries.—To Dr. I. M. Ward, of Newark, for the best collection of Cherries, a special premium of \$2.

Vegetables.—To Wm. Cranstoun for two extra fine Cauliflowers, a premium of \$2 was awarded.

To Cicero H. Ripley of Port Richmond, Staten Island, for a collection of Vegetables, a diploma was awarded.

Correspondence of the American Agriculturist.

THE GARDENS OF VERSAILLES—FLORAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS, &c.

[The following letter is from a lady correspondent, now in Paris.—Ed.]

PARIS, May 30, 1855.

My brain has become such a labyrinth of beautiful flowers, pictures, statues, and cascades, that the ideas can no longer find their way to my pen. I have seen Versailles in all its glory—its never-ending galleries of horrid old kings and frightful queens—its histories and allegories, its busts and vases, its fine views and splendid decorations, and have feasted my eyes until even the sight of a bed was a comfort—if it was the death-bed of one of France's most naughty kings. Latona was very beautiful, half hidden in the torrent those transformed Lybians poured upon her, to turn aside the vengeance of

Jupiter, whose aid she had sought in her dire distress. Apollo with his heavenly steeds made a charming feature in the distant landscape. The gardens were crowded in every direction with the Parisians in their tasteful dresses.

We did not visit the Trianon Orangery, or Floral Exhibition, for what we did see fatigued us sufficiently. Under one of the palace windows there is an arabesque garden of box-wood and grass, with narrow paths forming the patterns; the effect of the two shades of green is exceedingly beautiful. The quinconces of flowers do not compare with those of the Tuileries or Luxembourg; but the statues, fountains, intricate paths and wild-looking bosquets, make more variety, and far exceed the others. The laburnums, May horse chestnuts, catalpas and lilacs are still in full glory, and make the air redolent with delicious perfumes. The pink horse-chestnut and purple catalpa are not common with us; I think they are much more beautiful than the white. The Persian lilac trees dotted here and there upon the space in front of the Lux-Palace have a charming effect. There are two trees (lilacs) in a side garden, which are as large as good-sized plum trees, though shaped more like the apple tree. The tulips have been poor—a great variety of colors, and mostly all variegated, but they are not gay enough to have a good effect—and but few double ones. The rose trees are, some of them, of such mammoth size, they approach to that of a peach tree instead of a rose bush. The fashion of covering a whole bed with small pink flowers and having a border of fine blue ones, is very pretty—though I think white and pink would be still prettier. I have seen some splendid Cacti in bloom—one was the snake-species, falling around a hanging vase, with the crest of flowers at the top; it was beautiful.

All the vases in the gardens are kept filled with blooming plants, and are constantly changed as the season advances. It is the same with the beds of flowers, as soon as the blossoms begin to fade the plants are removed, and some later bloomers fill their places. The large bushes of pink peonies are lovely, and to an ignoramus in flowers are easily mistaken for large roses. I fooled Mr. G. by them. The crimson ones are just opening, and have been adding to their richness in color on their long journey to light. Cherries are becoming quite abundant, and are brought to market (the finest of course) packed in wooden boxes lined with paper, and arranged after the manner of figs. Strawberries as yet are sold in little earthen flower-pots, consequently must still be dear. I have not ventured to taste either as yet.

Afternoon.—We have been to-day to the Floral Exhibition, on the Champs Elysees. It seems like the work of a fairy—the change two months has made in that. It was then a barren place, with the exception of the large trees. Now there are green-houses, pagodas, Swiss cottages and temples, erected in all directions. Terraces with their green sides studded with daisies, forget-me-nots, and other small flowers—fountains sending

up their waters in all directions—rustic seats—tasteful arbors—trellised fruit trees—refreshment salons—every variety of evergreen—the rarest flowers, both of earth and water—wire temples filled with birds surrounded with flowers—artificial lakes, with a variety of aquatic birds; one is of a pigeon-shape, with a pointed pinkish bill, which looks strangely floating on the water. There is one house devoted to ornamental vases, stands, and other ornamental constructions for holding flowers. Little glass hot-houses, to be kept warm by a lamp underneath; they are intended for tiny jars of cactus, or for starting seeds. There is one fountain—the basin is filled with aquatic plants in full flower—the water spouts from every petal both of plant and flower. An electric pump which could raise 70 to 150 litres* in a minute, and some small iron garden plows, with wheels at the back, attracted much attention; the share is like a scyth-blade across the front, and is graduated as to depth by a spring, upon which the foot is placed.

I saw one pair of garden-shears, which took the lead of those we have—about three times as large, and moved on a pair of small wheels. They know how to mow here better than at home, a little! The display of fruit was great for the season in point of variety, but small in quantity; the imitation fruit was very perfect. We had lavished many longings upon one large basket of fruit before we discovered that it was artificial. The peaches had all the down which nature gives. The largest pears are the *Belle Angelica*, which are as big as a good-sized decanter. There were models of some foreign fruits, which were both rare and beautiful.

The display of Azaleas was splendid, with such masses of flowers that the leaves and branches could hardly be seen; geraniums were fine. One of a brown and white color was very odd-looking. Fuschias, poor; Calceolarias, splendid; Roses, faded. The famous Green Rose is certainly uncommon, but not at all pretty. The petals are formed like the green ones which surround the bud. Verbenas were scarce; Gilliflowers, very fine; Peonies in all shades, but few fragrant. There were beautiful arial plants, and an endless quantity of such as I had never seen before. I can not find language to express all that I have seen of the exquisite and lovely in the last few days.

*A litre is 68.028 cubic inches, or about one and one-fifth quarts.—Ed.

GAIN OF TIME.—The difference between rising every morning at six instead of eight o'clock, in the course of forty years, amounts to 29,500 hours, or three years, 121 days and sixteen hours, which is eight hours a day for exactly nineteen years; so that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life were added, wherein we may command eight hours of every day for the cultivation of our minds and dispatch of business.

It has been truthfully said by a satirist, that if some men could come out of their graves and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong graves.

THE BACK VOLUMES OF THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, neatly bound, can now be supplied from the commencement. These of themselves constitute a beautiful and valuable FARMER'S LIBRARY, embracing a compendium of all the important agricultural articles that have appeared during the last thirteen years. First ten volumes, new edition, furnished bound for \$10.

Bound volumes XI, XII and XIII (new series), \$1 50 per volume; unbound, \$1 per volume. The whole thirteen volumes furnished bound for \$14 50.

American Agriculturist.

New-York, Thursday, June 28.

This paper is never sent where it is not considered paid for—and is in all cases stopped when the subscription runs out.

We occasionally send a number to persons who are not subscribers. This is sometimes done as a compliment, and in other cases to invite examination. Those receiving such numbers are requested to look them over, and if convenient show them to a neighbor.

FOR RATTLE-SNAKE BITES.

The following, says the New-York Sun, is an Indian recipe for rattle-snake bites, and said to be the same remedy used a few years ago by a certain tamer and exhibitor of these reptiles in this and other cities, who, it may be remembered, allowed them to bite him frequently during the exhibition

Pulverized Indigo..... 4 drachms.
Pulverized Camphor 8 drachms.
Alcohol 8 ounces.

Mix, and keep it in closely corked bottles. The directions for using are simply as follows: After shaking the bottle, soak the bitten part in the mixture for five minutes, and the cure is complete.

The difficulties that surround the above are too great for our feeble faith. Indigo will not dissolve in alcohol at any common temperature. The mixture consists, then, of nothing but every-day spirits of camphor—simple enough and convenient enough in case of accident; but we should be very loth to depend upon it, to the exclusion of more efficient means. The wound should be immediately sucked with the tongue, (these poisons produce no effect even if swallowed,) after which its surface may be burned with a hot iron. Fortunately the means of this treatment are always at hand, and it may be resorted to before the physician arrives, after which, if he directs an application of spirits of camphor, we have nothing to say.

Because the famous snake-tamer alluded to above was not poisoned by bites, it does not follow that this nostrum saved him. Rattle-snake bites are not generally fatal when no treatment is resorted to. A friend of ours, a physician, who has spent thirty years in a region of this State infested by them, informs us that he has known a number of instances of bites, but never knew a death to occur. The reptile further south is generally supposed to be more venomous. It is but a few years since a physician of this city lost his life by carelessly handling one of these southern serpents, that had been sent to him as a zoological specimen, and appeared to be torpid. The condition of a person's system is supposed to make a difference, too. Dissecting wounds are some-

times of no account, and at other times give rise to dangerous or fatal erysipelas.

But why call this mixture "Indian"? The Indians were not acquainted with a single one of its ingredients—Indigo, alcohol, or camphor. They were ignorant of the virtues of most of the simples that grew around them, their method of cure consisting in a system of incantation, as senseless as the ravings of a maniac or those whispers that drive away the botts. Why is it that nostrums pretend to be Indian to secure a sale? or that an Indian doctor always has a certain amount of a certain kind of business? This disposition to believe in the marvelous seems to be most rife in the affairs of medicine. People never think of consulting an Indian lawyer or an Indian divine. They put too high an estimate on their property and their souls. Why will they risk their lives on any such recipes?

Not long since a worthy old Methodist preacher was complained of before the Conference for dabbling in medicine. "How is this, brother H—?" said the Bishop, "do you presume to meddle with such matters?" "Never," was the reply, "except to give advice in difficult cases." "But such cases," continued the Bishop, "are the very ones you have no business with." "Ah," returned the old gentleman, "I advise them to send for a doctor." We need not add the complaint was dismissed.

So, in the case of a rattle-snake bite, or any other serious accident, our recipe is only for immediate use, and ends with "Send for the doctor."

DETESTABLE VANDALISM.

We see it reported in the Rural New-Yorker, that ten fine Durham cattle, from the imported stock of Col. L. G. Morris of Fordham, have been stolen and slaughtered, and sold in the New-York market. This is an error. The animals stolen were *grades*, belonging to W. H. Morris, a cousin of L. G. Morris. The act itself is no less reprehensible, and we hope the miscreants who perpetrated it will all be arrested, and put upon salt-beef rations at Sing Sing to the longest limit permitted by law. Farmers, and stock raisers, however, will be glad to learn, that the missing animals are not from Col. Morris's imported herd, so highly prized and so valuable.

BREADSTUFFS, &C., FROM CALIFORNIA.

We stated two weeks since that several ships were loading at San Francisco, with flour and grain, for this country and Australia. By the last California arrival we learn that extensive shipments of these commodities are still going on. The clipper ship Charmer, sailed for New-York the last of May, with the following products of California soil: 5,025 bags barley, 6,900 quarter bags flour, 15,030 bags wheat, 192 bales wool, 333 do. sheep skins, 410 sheep skins, 275 calf skins, 1,442 hides, 37 casks mint sweepings, 700 flasks quicksilver, 108 bales rags. And of returned goods of which there was a surplus there: 1,300 doz. shovels, 13 pairs

smiths' bellows, 60 cases tobacco, 6 do. dry goods, 68 cases and casks hardware, 197 casks, cases and bbls. merchandise.

The clipper ship S. S. Bishop, for this port, had on board one million two hundred thousand (1,200,000) pounds of flour and wheat, and one hundred bales of wool. The clipper ship Telegraph, had on board, June 1st, 800,000 lbs. of wheat and barley, and would sail for New-York with a full cargo soon. The ship Adelaide, was also loading for the same destination, with over two millions lbs. of breadstuffs (1,000 tons). In addition to these we have reports of similar shipments to Liverpool Australia, &c. If these exports take place now, what are we to look for but a few years hence?

BEE-STING AND TOOTH-ACHE.—The pain of a bee-sting may be at once relieved, and the subsequent swelling prevented, by wetting the part with spirits of hartshorn (water of ammonia). The sting is hollow, and there is a little drop of poison at its root that is driven through it by the pressure of its insertion, and deposited in the wound. The poison is said to be of an acid nature, and to be destroyed by this volatile alkali.

The pain of tooth-ache, also, is relieved oftener by a few drops of hartshorn on a bit of lint inserted into the cavity of the tooth, than by any other application. Keep a vial of it, well corked, in the house, and if you are fortunate enough to need it for nothing else, use it to restore the color destroyed by fruit stains.

SUCCESSION OF DELICIOUS FRUITS.—Strawberries, which have been abundant, are slowly diminishing in quantity, but raspberries will soon be ready to take their place; and from all accounts, there will be a large yield the present year. These will be followed by blackberries, which also promise to be in abundance. Following these, we shall this year have peaches in quantities and at prices to suit every taste and every purse. What is lacking in the above will be made up by whortleberries, cherries, early plums, &c.

LABORERS WANTED.—The Nebraska City News mentions that the farmers and mechanics of that territory complain loudly of their inability to procure workmen. They offer, it says, extravagant wages, but work hands are not to be had. The difficulty does not seem to be that laborers are lazy or even scarce; but every one who goes there immediately sets up for himself—becomes an employer instead of a seeker for employment.

THE GRAPE CROP in the vicinity of Cincinnati has been much damaged by recent heavy rains, and the Commercial says that from present prospects but little more than half a crop may be expected.

About 2,600 immigrants were landed in the City of New-York from Europe on Saturday last.

The markets of San Francisco were filled with delicious fruits and garden vegetables on the first of June.

SOUTH SALEM (N. Y.) FARMERS' CLUB.—We learn that some twenty members of this Club met upon the farm of Mr. Henry Keeler, on the 21st inst., and had an interesting and profitable time in examining his general method of cultivation, agricultural implements, grapery, &c. The Club adjourned to meet upon the farm of Mr. S. G. Howe, on the third Tuesday in August. We had an interesting visit at Mr. Keeler's farm a few weeks since. His improved implements, and various ingenious contrivances in and about his house, barns, &c., will repay any one for going to see them; and we doubt not the club were pleased with their afternoon's entertainment.

THE JAMESBURG (N. J.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold its annual Fair on the 18th of September. This has heretofore been strictly a Fair—that is, a meeting for exhibition and sale, and not for competition. It is proposed to give diplomas for the best articles exhibited at the next Fair. The following officers were elected on the 9th inst. for the ensuing year:

President—James Buckalew.
Vice Presidents—Ralph C. Stults, Alexander Redmond, Benjamin Budd, and Frederic Farr.
Corresponding Sec'y—Jas. C. Magee.
Recording Secretary—Wm. H. Courter.
Treasurer—John D. Buckalew.
Committee of Arrangements—Andrew McDowell, James Applegate, Peter Voorhees, Geo. Farr, and Thos. S. Snediker.
Committee of Ways and Means—Thos. S. Mershon, Wm. Redmond, G. P. Metcalf, J. B. Thompson, and S. Van Wickle.

THE MONTGOMERY COUNTY (PA.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY holds its next Show at Norristown, October 3d and 4th. The premiums amount to some \$1200, and a spirited Show may be looked for. The present officers are,

President—Edwin Moore.
Vice Presidents—Samuel Roberts, Thos. P. Knox, Wm. H. Holstein.
Treasurer—D. C. Getty.
Corresponding Sec'y—A. W. Corson.
Recording Sec'y—George F. Roberts.

THE WALDO COUNTY (ME.) AGRICULTURAL SHOW will take place at Belfast, October 3d and 4th. The present officers are,

President—A. W. Burrill, Waldo.
Vice Presidents—E. P. Brown, John Heagan.
Secretary—Robert White, Belfast.
Treasurer—Wm. T. Colburn, Belfast.

THE MERCER COUNTY (N. J.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold its first annual Exhibition at Hightstown, September 25th. The officers are,

President—Isaac Pullen.
Vice Presidents—C. S. Hutchinson, E. T. R. Applegate, Jas. C. Norris, Wm. Conover.
Recording Sec'y—C. P. Johnson.
Corresponding Sec'y—J. S. Ely.

John Wilkes was once asked by a Roman Catholic gentleman, in a warm dispute on religion, "Where was your church before Luther?" "Did you wash your face this morning?" inquired the facetious alderman. "I did, sir." "Then, pray, where was your face before it was washed?"

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The attractiveness of a room does not depend on the richness and expense of its furniture, but on the taste which selects and arranges it. A city parlor is no model for one in the country. That which is suitable for one may be entirely inappropriate to the other. Elegant furniture, rich curtains, showy mirrors, and velvet carpets belong to those who have nothing pleasant to look upon without the walls of their dwellings, but in the country far more simplicity is desirable, and in better taste. I do not like a profusion of gilding anywhere. It always has a tawdry and vulgar look, but in a country house it is shocking.

There should be a correspondence in the furniture of a room. People who have never thought of this would be surprised at the beautiful effect of harmony in color that can be secured by proper attention. They are pleased, but they do not know why they are pleased. I well recollect the impression made upon my mind years ago by a simple parlor furnished in a most economical style. The wood work was painted cream color. The paper was of a small figure, buff and white. The carpet was brown and wood-colored. There was a sofa in the room. The chairs had mahogany-colored frames and cane-seats. There were various smaller seats made of soap-boxes and shoe-boxes, covered with brown and buff striped furniture calico. The effect was exceedingly pleasing. "What a pretty room this is," was the exclamation of almost every visitor. There were but two colors in the room, although there were various shades of them—brown and buff. These afforded an agreeable contrast, and harmonized admirably together.

Another room has often pleased me where the furniture is all bird's-eye maple. Instead of a stuffed sofa there is a cane-seated one similar to the chairs. A hair cloth sofa may be comfortable, but where it affords a violent contrast to chairs and tables it is not so pretty as something more simple. Damask and plush, I do not consider at all desirable in most country houses. Where there are curtains they should be of a color which either corresponds with, or contrasts well with the carpet and paper.

Furniture should not be stationed in a row against the wall, as if drawn up in military order, but should be placed where it would most naturally and socially be used. No particular directions can be given about these things, for each individual's taste must preside in her own house, but hints we often find to be of value to us.

If you wish to add an ottoman or two to your parlor, and think you can not afford the expense, I would recommend a resort to soap-boxes. These can be made as comfortable as anything you can purchase. Springs can be procured for two or three York-shillings a dozen. Five of these are sufficient for one box. Secure large blocks in each corner of the box inside. Castors can be firmly inserted in these. Saw a board to fit the box. On this at each corner fasten a spring by nailing it down with

tacks and bits of leather. Place one in the middle. Then tie the springs together at the top to keep them in a proper position. This board may rest on the corner blocks, at such an elevation as shall raise the springs a few inches above the box. Put a few folds of cloth upon the springs and nail a coarse covering over the whole. When this is neatly done a cushion of cotton or rags may be secured by a second covering. Over it all you can use hair-cloth, furniture calico, or anything you please. If you can not easily get springs, or consider it too troublesome to use them, a stuffed cushion answers very well.

Lounges can be manufactured in the same way as ottomans by having a frame made the proper size. A convenient way to dispose of the contents of the rag-bag is to stuff hassocks with them. From coarse, strong cotton cut two circles fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter. Stitch around the edges of these a strip of cotton about six inches wide. Stuff it as hard as possible with rags, and cover it with carpeting or drugget. This makes a soft footstool or a convenient low seat.

I write from experience in regard to home manufactured furniture. At another time I will make some suggestions about toilets, work-tables, &c. ANNA HOPE.

EXPERIMENTS IN AGRICULTURE.

It is an excellent thing for those farmers who have means and opportunity, to make frequent experiments. That many of them prove useless, is no argument against the practice. This has often been the case in every branch of science and art; and yet the world owes more to those experiments which have been successful, than to any other means of human investigation. The way to fortune may indeed be easier or more certain to those who follow in the wake of custom; but as all nature is full of truths, rarely will the investigating mind long continue its researches without making some new discoveries.

Few farmers are aware of the scope and capabilities of agriculture, and, doubtless, think the arts a much more suitable place for study and experiment. And yet agriculture is more extensive in its relations to other sciences and is much more difficult of comprehension, than any of the mechanic arts. But it is exceedingly difficult to persuade most persons of this fact. They appear to think agriculture a simple matter, and easily understood, requiring rather muscular powers, than skill and intellect, to carry on its operations successfully. More enlightened times, however, are fast superseding these old and unprogressive ideas. It certainly were ill-deserving the manifold praises bestowed upon it, if agriculture will admit nothing more than the achievements of bodily exertion. And it should be the principal object of agricultural experiments to bring to light such facts as shall lessen the labors, and enlarge the rewards of the husbandman. We should avail ourselves of every means by which we may add to our knowledge, and increase the facilities of labor. Let science

and mechanics facilitate the work of hands. Let contrivance and skill take the place of bone and muscle; and nothing, we are confident, can give greater impulse to the cause of the farmer. This is the reason why so many young men have hitherto fled to the city in pursuit of fortune; because the toils of agriculture are so great, and the rewards so meager and remote, compared with many branches of trade, as to offer no incentive in this direction. It is vain to appeal to the ease and happiness of rural life, and caution against the dangers that beset the town. So long as those objections lie in the way, these things will be little desired on the one hand, or feared on the other. Once show that agriculture is capable of as great and as speedy returns, and with as little labor, as other pursuits, and we shall see as much talent and influence attracted to its ranks, as to any avocation or profession whatever.

WATERMELON JUICE.

A correspondent copies the following, which originally appeared in the *Prairie Farmer*, and sends it with his own endorsement. Keep this till the melon season.

I endeavor to raise a good watermelon patch. They are a healthy and delightful fruit. I cultivate the *Iceing* variety; plant early in May, and again towards the close of the month, so that they may come in succession. When they begin ripening we commence cutting and using them freely during the hot weather. When the weather becomes cool in September, we bring a quantity of them to the house, split them open, with a spoon scrape out the pulp into a cullender, and strain the juice into vessels.

We boil it in an iron vessel to a syrup, then put in apples or peaches like making apple-butter, and boil slowly until the fruit is well cooked; then spice to the taste, and we have something that most people prefer to apple-butter or any kind of preserves. Or the syrup may be boiled without fruit down to molasses, which will be as fine as the sugar-house molasses. We have made in a single autumn as much as ten gallons of the apple-butter (if I may so call it) and molasses, which kept in a fine condition until May.

Tomato Preserves.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar and boil the syrup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes, remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling put the fruit into jars and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—The *Buffalo Commercial* copies the following letter from an officer in the Crimea, to a citizen in Buffalo:

A curious thing occurred yesterday. A sapper was brought from the trenches with his jaw broken, and the Doctor told me there was a piece of it sticking out an inch and a half from his face. The man said it was done by a round shot, which the Doctor disbelieved, but the poor fellow insisted and said: "Yes, and it took off the head of the man next me." This was conclusive, and the Surgeon proceeded to remove the bone.

it came out quite easy, when the Doctor said to the man, whose face appeared to preserve its form pretty well, "Can you move your jaw?" "Oh, yes, sir," was the reply. The Doctor then put his finger into the man's mouth, and found the teeth were there, and at length assured the soldier that it was no jaw of his that was broken, but that of his headless comrade, which had actually been driven into his face, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound. Upon this the man's visage, which had been rather lengthened, rounded up most beautifully.

Scrap Book.

"A little humor now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

THE THISTLE-BLOSSOM.

BY E. S. SMITH.

In a beautiful meadow, daintily spread
With clover-blossoms, white and red,
And sweet wild flowers of varied hue,
An ugly thistle flourished, too—
Loftily there,
In the soft summer air,
Up rose its rude form o'er the fragrant and fair.

Many a golden butterfly
Came, like a sunbeam, hovering nigh,
And one, the brightest of all his race,
Folded his wings in that perilous place.

Why did he go,
This gayly-dressed beau,
To a flower that was armed like a deadly foe?

A little ground-sparrow, flitting near,
Sang aloud in the butterfly's ear,
And kindly warned him to hasten away—
Weaving these words in his tuneful lay—

"Foolish one, flee!
Or soon you will be
Pierced thro' by those countless thorns you see!"

Beau-Butterfly never heeded the song—
For so fickle a wooer his courtship was long;
And the very moment he took his flight,
A honey-bee came, with a hum of delight,

And, hiding his head
In that thorn-guarded bed,
Forgot the rich clover all round him spread.

The sparrow sang in a louder strain
His friendly song of warning again;
But, though its notes were breathed so near,
The bee was too busy to heed or to hear—

With thirsting lip
He continued to sip,
'Till heavy with wealth was his golden hip.

Ah, the butterfly knew, and so did the bee,
Not all sweet flowers are fairest to see;
And though the thistle was homely and rough,
Yet the heart of its blossoms had honey enough—

Honey to spare—
Some for the air,
And plenty for fly and for bee to share.

How oft is it thus, in the bowers of earth,
With human blossoms of lowly birth;
Their garb may be rude, and their forms uncouth,
Yet their spirits enshrine the sweetness of truth—

When such you spy,
Oh, pass them not by

With haughty step and averted eye,
But pause to speak in a kindly strain—
A recompense sweet you will surely gain.

Home Journal.

HOW SHALL I PRESERVE THE HEART I HAVE WON?—Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Make it a repose from his cares, a shelter from the world, a home for his heart. Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. Let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. Cultivate cheerfulness and good humor. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his virtues. Shun extravagance. Let your home be your empire, your world. In its sober, quiet scenes

let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits be centered.

DR. FRANKLIN ON SPELLING.—You need not be concerned in writing to me about your bad spelling; it is generally the best, as conforming to the sounds of the letters. To give you an instance, a gentleman received a letter, in which were these words: Not finding Brown at home I delivered your message to his *yf*. The gentleman called his wife to help him read it. Between them they picked out all but *yf*, which they could not understand. The wife proposed calling her chambermaid, "because Betty," says she, "has the best knack of reading bad spelling, of anybody I know." Betty came and was surprised that neither of them could tell what *yf* was. "Why," says she, "*yf* spells wife—what else can it spell!" and indeed, it is a much better as well as a shorter method than *doubleyou-i-f-e*, which in reality spells *double-wifey*.—*Franklin's Letters*.

RUSSIAN BULLETS.—A soldier who had received three musket wounds at the battle of Inkerman, one in his leg and two in his shoulder, was taken to Scutari, where the bullets were extracted. He soon recovered, and one day gave the bullets, as a keepsake, to an invalid chum who was coming home. The disabled soldier who received the disfigured pieces of Russian lead having said, "I think you should keep the bullets yourself," received the following answer, which in its own way has, we think, never been paralleled—"Oh, they are of no use to me, I am going back to the Crimea, where I will soon get plenty more of them."—*Glasgow Herald*.

INDIAN PPREACHER.—"John, what do you do for a living?"

"O! me preach."

"Preach! and do you get paid for it?"

"Sometimes me get a shilling; sometimes two shillings."

"And isn't that mighty poor pay?"

"Oh! yes—but it's mighty poor preach."

D'Aubigne, in his history of the Reformation, says, "The Gospel triumphs by the blood of its confessors, not by its adversaries."

Those who excel in strength are not the most likely to show contempt of weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

Robert Hall said of family prayer, "It serves as an edge border, to preserve the web of life from unraveling."

God requires the service of the whole being. Strive therefore for a pure heart, a clear mind, and a sound body.

The men who jump at conclusions seldom reach any that are worth having. These must be got by climbing.

The ardent reformer moves the multitude, but the calm philosopher moves the ardent reformer.

The world seems to the old to have gone backward, because they have gone forward.

It is hard work to teach people who can learn nothing without being taught.

A man is slow to perceive his own slowness of perception.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe in that nest of our,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there never was a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass, while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here,
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off in his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten, that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain
Robert of Lincoln come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

Putnam's Monthly, for June.]

LITTLE AT A TIME.—It is but "little at a time," that the mind can digest; but "little at a time" that the mind can absorb; but "little at a time" that the mind can assimilate. The violation of this law is the reason why, from all this schooling, scholars learn so little—know so little. It is the flax seed story over again. They attempt to take in so much at once, that all slip through their fingers, and lo! their hands are empty! This is simple fact. Look about you, all around you. You will find, a month or two months after term is closed, that the scholars can tell you scarcely anything of the things they

went over in term time, and "recited" to the teacher. Why? They undertook so much that it went through them undigested; they had not the power to assimilate the undigested mass, and all was lost. Occasionally here and there, an item might have been digested; that was assimilated, and was theirs. Now, such might have been the history of every day.—Crandal.

A SHILLING STORY.

Not in yellow paper covers, published by Beelzebub & Co., No. so-and-so, Brimstone Row, and "sold by booksellers generally throughout the United States"—not a repast of tainted morality so covered up and disguised by the spices of love and rhetoric as to conceal the poisonous nature of the dish, so that it may be in this way fed by unsuspecting parents to their children—none of the modern French style of stories, but a real and true history of the adventures of a shilling. A story hummed by a coin in my vest pocket as it turned itself over into an easier position, and communicated with the world through me as a medium. There is an "esprit du corps" that we see referred to almost daily in some way or another; there is spirits of hartshorn, and spirits of wine, and spirits of lavender; there is the spirit of '76; there are "black spirits and white; blue spirits and gray;" and why, pray, should not the shilling have a spirit too? I am satisfied that it has, and that the voice I heard came from the very substance of the silver. It proceeded: "I am a shilling—a York shilling; a Connecticut ninipence; half a quarter of a dollar; twelve and a half cents. At least I was that once, but from continual wear the image of the old Castilian on my obverse, commonly known as "head," and the pillars and "Dei gratia Rex" on my reverse, that makes the "tail," have become so effaced that one can scarcely distinguish between the two—so that I am literally fulfilling the proverb. As long as I retained the original superscription, the dress that I took from the mint when stamped, I found no difficulty in passing for all that I was worth; indeed, being generally preferred to the pure metal, as that was said to be too soft and too sensitive to bear the wear of active everyday-life, and to be improved by a sufficient admixture of brass to make it keep its face. In this way a kind of factitious value was conferred on me by the stamping process, and I was allowed privileges such as I had not enjoyed before, and such as were not conferred on my uneducated, unsophisticated brethren of uncoined bullion. I was made money, while they remained only property. They were forbidden to assume my shape, and yet I must say that after long experience, I do doubt whether any enactments that confer an artificial value on any of us, the coin family, can make money any more plenty. It was made our business to pass daily to and fro among men, to even and equalize their little business transactions. For this purpose men have agreed that the use of the members of our family, from the gold double eagle to the copper cent, is worth so much per cent per annum.

"The younger and smaller members of our family, like the corresponding members of the society of men, labor the hardest and earn fastest, according to the amount of capital invested, the rate of annual interest on small change being highest, so that they are generally at a premium. In this way I came to be worn so smooth that it was impossible to tell without a close inspection whether I had an eagle or pillars on my reverse, whether, in fact, I was ten cents or a shilling; and a grocer in a pet drew two hair lines across me at right angles to each other, with his penknife, and immediately I fell in value to

the worth of eight cents. One would suppose *a priori* that I should have stopped my descent at the half-way house of a dime, but it is with shillings as it is with many men, when they get to going down hill they go wonderfully fast.

"I am of Spanish descent, and when my worth came to be designated in Federal currency, it chanced that it took an odd half cent to make me an even fraction of a dollar, and from this it occurs that though of good sterling, honest metal, I have unfortunately, from a necessity of my form, been a great cheat, rarely changing masters in a lifetime without filching half a cent from some one.

"The sums that I have thus unintentionally transferred, are, for the lifetime of a shilling, very considerable. One business transaction of that sort a day would amount to one dollar and eighty cents a year, and presuming the odd eighty cents to be honestly accounted for in making up "quarters" out of shillings, we shall still have a dollar a year for the sum of a shilling's annual discrepancies, while the amount that it is legally presumed to have earned during that time in this State, is seven-eighths of a cent. I am more than a hundred years old, and you will see I have been a great sinner. If these transgressions were computed at compound interest, my own value would be quite inappreciable compared with the sum.

"It is said that in the earliest periods of history, flocks and herds alone were wealth, and that in this way the word *pecuniary*, a word of the greatest influence and widest range in the English language, was derived—in other words, that live stock was the *sum-mum bonum* among men, and the enormous prices now commanded by all varieties of butcher's meat, would seem to indicate a disposition in society to return to first principles. However this may be, it is certain that gold and silver were very early recognized as of paramount value; for there is no nation under the sun too rude to acknowledge the power of gold. No matter what inscription may be stamped on the face of our family—no matter in what language any of us may speak, we are known and read of all men; we speak all tongues. Philosophers have told how we were only of value from the difficulty of obtaining us, how inherently we were worth less by the pound than iron, how when gold should become more plenty, silver would become higher, and yet the relative values of the principal metals have never varied much from what they are now. Because we have weight, and yet are believed to be in our essence after all worthless, men have endeavored to make paper effigies of us that should do our work as well as we, and save the trouble of moving us about from place to place. If they could only contrive some way to even their transactions without the use of money, it would be a great saving. As society grows older, it improves in the matter, and less specie is moved about to correspond to "transactions." Yet from the imperfect nature of human intellect, it results that there must be a limit to the complicated character that successive bargains may make affairs assume; that there must be settlements, and balances must be adjusted with cash.

"Strange—isn't it," said the crossed shilling, with an attempt at pleasantry, "that I should have worn myself out in completing calculations that men could not? I've cheated you, I'm sorry to own it, for I'm worth now only eight cents; but I've passed a long life in the company of men and have gathered some wisdom, and let me tell you, a secret worth more than the four cents. The men that have trusted to us to keep their accounts have grown rich, while the men that have kept their accounts long unsettled and trusted to their heads to remember them

have uniformly grown poor, and have had "hard scratching" to get along.

"So never trust to memory—settle often, and keep a good stock of small change with which to do it."

"Is that all," said I, "four cents?"

"It is enough," said the shilling.

NEW-YORK.

W.
Country Gentlemen.

WANTED—AN ANGEL OF HEAVEN.

And so death closed those little eyes—shrouded their bright glances. Oh, that the sun would not come streaming in upon his shrouded form as if there were no grief in the world!

How sweetly he sleeps, that little coveted angel! How lightly curl those glossy ringlets on his white forehead. You could weep your very soul away, to think those cherub lips will never, never unclose. Vainly you clasp and unclasp the passive, darling hand, that wandered often over your cheek. Vainly your anguish glance tries to read the dim story of love in those shaded orbs. The voice sweet as winds blowing through wreathed shells slumbers forever. And still the busy world knocks at your door, and will let you have no peace. It shouts in your ear; its chariots rumble by; it smiles in your careworn face; it mocks you as you sew the shroud; it meets you at the church, at the grave; and its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in the empty rooms, from whence you have borne your dead. But it comes never in the hush of night to wipe away your tears!

Wanted—an Angel of Heaven! Can you look up? Can you bear the splendor of the sight? Ten thousand celestial beings, and your own radiant child in their midst.

"In his eyes a glorious light,
On his head a glory crown."

Wanted—angels for Heaven! Cling not too closely to your beautiful treasures, children of earth.—FANNY FERN, in *Olive Branch*.

SWEARING.—The absurdity and utter folly of swearing is admirably set forth in the following anecdote of Beelzebub and his imps: The latter went out in the morning each to command his set of men, one the murderers, another the liars, and another the swearers, &c. At evening they stopped at the mouth of a cave. The question arose among them who commanded the meanest set of men. The subject was debated at length, but without coming to a decision. Finally his Satanic Majesty was called upon to decide the matter in dispute. Whereupon he said; the murderer got something for killing; the thief for stealing, and the liar for lying; but the swearer was the meanest of all, he served without pay. They were his majesty's best subjects: for while they were costless, their name was legion, and presented the largest division in his (Satan's) employ.

MATERNAL DISCREETNESS.—Traveling a few days since from Niagara Falls to Rochester by rail, the train being stopped at a station, I noticed a very dignified but anxious looking countenance entering the car; the possessor, a woman, after making a choice selection of a seat, appeared perfectly composed and comfortably situated for the journey. Thought nothing more of the circumstance until my attention was attracted by a sudden, quick movement on the part of the same female toward the door, screaming to the conductor, "Oh! dear, can't you wait two or three minutes, 'till I run up to the hotel and get my baby? I forgot all about it!"—*Boston Post*.

The more a man is envied, the less he is spared.

WOODEN NUTMEGS OUTDONE.—There is a Parisian dandy, who, we think rather outdoes Connecticut:

"C— had at his residence a complete costume of a groom. When offering an attention to one of the fair sex, he used to say, 'Permit me to send you a bouquet by my black servant.'"

"He then repaired to his garret, took out his black bottle, polished his face and hands, put on his livery, and knocked at the lady's door."

"Here," he said, "are some flowers by master to madame."

"He had spent the last five francs in the purchase. Madame," was so delighted with the present that she presented a louis to the bearer."

That is a clear pocketing of three dollars, and a lady's favor into the bargain.

SMALL LOAVES.—The high price of flour, of late, has caused the bakers to diminish the size of their loaves considerably, but those in New-Brunswick, N. J., seem to have reached perfection in the article referred to, as the following extract from an exchange will show: "A baker of that place in going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, 'Who is there?' and was answered, 'the baker!'" "What do you want?" "To leave your bread!" "Well, you need not make such a fuss about it; put it through the keyhole!"

WASHINGTON.—M. de Tocqueville, replying a few weeks ago to an invitation to attend a banquet given by Americans in Paris to the memory of Washington, wrote: "There is no grander name in history; and if it was permitted me to choose a place among men who have left eternal memorials, I would choose, without hesitation, the place of Washington, and I believe that all who can appreciate moral beauty and are capable of being enamored of it, would compete for his place. May it please God to preserve both the spirit and the works of that great man!"

CREDIT is one of the best things man has devised, and about the worst abused. Thousands live on credit who have no right to any such thing. None but an honest man ought to be able to pass his word instead of coin—a rogue's word is not worth its face, no matter how rich he may be. No one should have facility to run in debt for the means of ostentatious display, of sensual gratification or of hazardous adventure. "Earn before you spend," should be the general rule, the credit should be extended mainly to those who use it to fit themselves with the means and implements of useful, productive labor.

H. Greeley.

Two Yankees took lodgings for about ten days at a tavern in Lancaster County, and fared sumptuously, drinking two or three bottles of wine daily. The last day, and before they had paid their bill, a dispute arose about the speed of their horses—they at last agreed to enter on the "profitable contest." The landlord was appointed judge, each being the rider of his own horse. When they were mounted, the judge, like those of the Olympic games, gave the word—one, two, three, and go. Off they went, and have neither been seen or heard of since; leaving the landlord fully compensated by having had the honor to be their judge.

A little girl of four years had been brought up very properly with regard to correct speech, when one day looking at her doll's feet, she said, "Papa, I know that feet is proper, but I do love to say little tooties."

A DEAD SHOT.—A physician who resides in the southern portion of this City, upon visiting a patient at the extreme north, was asked by the sick man, "if he did not find it very inconvenient to come such a distance."

"Not at all, Sir," replied the son of Esculapias, "for having another patient in the next street I can kill two birds with one stone."

"Can you, Sir?" replied the invalid, "then you are too good a shot for me;" and immediately dismissed him.

A celebrated comedian arranged with the green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the grocer sent home his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian in great wrath called upon the grocer, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say here's a pretty mul, Berry; you've sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry; your father the elder Berry, wouldn't have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

One of the townsmen meeting with one of the strolling organ players, was inclined to engage in conversation with him, and asked him:

"What part in the grand drama of life do you perform?"

"I mind my own business!" was the brief and pointed reply.

A HOME THRUST.—A preacher took passage on one of the Lake Erie steamers on a Sunday lately, and before he had been long on board, he applied to the captain for leave to hold a religious meeting. The captain replied, "No—for any minister who would travel on Sunday is not fit to preach on board my boat."

A lady observing one day, that "Garrick had an eye fit to penetrate a deal board," a German musician remarked, "O yes, me understand—what we call a gimblet eye."

Dr Johnson, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with one another."

MONEY is well spent in purchasing tranquility of mind.

Markets.

REMARKS.—Flour still continues on the decline; nearly all grades having fallen 50c. to 75c. per bbl. during the past week. Flour of common State brands which one month ago sold for \$10 50 per bbl., is now quoted at \$8 25—a fall of more than two dollars per bbl. There is a rumor of large orders from France for this quality of flour, when it falls to \$8. If there are such orders of considerable amount, they will assist to keep up the price to that figure, for a time at least. The Wheat crop is already harvested south of Kentucky, and in a part of that State; and a very large yield is now secured. The Nashville (Tenn.) Union, of 20th June, says, that all accounts from all parts of that State concur in representing the Wheat crop of Tennessee as far the largest ever harvested. From both sides of the Ohio River, our latest reports which are nearly up to commencing harvest, represent the prospect as good beyond precedent. Some of these accounts

are doubtless exaggerated, but it is now safe to estimate the Wheat crop in all that region as certain for more than an ordinary yield.

Corn was some higher at one time during the week, but has declined again, and now stands at about 3c. per bush. lower than at our last report. Oats are again in more active request, and have advanced 8c. to 10c. per bush. This is probably but temporary. At 50a55c. they are in demand for export, and such a demand creates a transient rise, until the market is again over-stocked.

Cotton has experienced another uniform decline of $\frac{1}{2}$ cent per lb. on all grades.

Rice has a trifling advance. Tobacco no material change.

We have abundant rains, and at frequent intervals, in this vicinity. The weather is somewhat cool with occasional days pretty warm, but we have as yet had no really hot weather. It is, however, warm enough to push forward corn rapidly. The reports of the weather, and the state of the crops in different sections of the country—especially of the wheat crop—will be intensely interesting during the next two weeks.

PRODUCE MARKET.

TUESDAY, June 26, 1855.

The prices given in our reports from week to week, are the average wholesale prices obtained by producers, and not those at which produce is sold from the market. The variations in prices refer chiefly to the quality of the articles.

The market is fairly supplied with Potatoes, and the demand good. Old Potatoes are getting scarce. The market is quite overdone with green vegetables, and the trade slow. Green peas are very abundant to-day, having fallen off 37c. Φ basket since yesterday.

There are scarcely any old apples in market. We noticed a few new ones from the South, but did not learn the price. Strawberries come mostly from northern New-Jersey, being nearly done at Shrewsbury. Cherries are very plentiful.

Butter, just at present, is very dull of sale. Eggs and Cheese the same.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes—Bermudas	Φ bbl.	\$5 75@6
Charleston, new	do	4 50@4 75
do. round	do	3 50@
Western Mercers	do	3 75@4
White Mercers	do	3 75@4
Nova Scotia Mercers	Φ bush.	1 20@1 25
Washington County Carters	do	3 —@
Western Reds	do	2 75@
Yellow Pink Eyes	do	2 50@
Long Reds	do	2 50@
Turnips—Ruta Baga	do	—@
White bunch, new	Φ 100	3 —@
Onions—White	Φ bbl.	—@
Bermuda Reds, new	do	3 00@3 25
New-Orleans Reds	do	3 —@
Asparagus	Φ doz. bunches	1 25@
Cucumbers	Φ 100	2 —@
Rhubarb	Φ 100 bunch.	—@
Lettuce	do.	50@
Gooseberries	Φ bus	1 75@
Green Peas	"	50@
Strawberries	Φ 100 baskets	4 —@4 25
Cherries	Φ b	5@ 8
Apples	Φ bbl.	\$4 75@5
Butter—new	Φ lb.	20@21c.
Cheese	do	9@11c.
Eggs	Φ doz.	—@18c.

NEW-YORK CATTLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY June 27, 1855.

The supply of cattle to-day is about 500 short of last week. The weather is quite warm, in consequence of which the butchers are somewhat backward in their purchases. Besides, they hang resolutely for last week's prices, but the short supply impels them to make a slight advance. Aside from this, we think there would be no material difference.

The best cattle to-day are selling for 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. The average rice is about 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Very few sell under 9c. or over 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

The animals are mostly of good quality, and doubtless the prices will be sustained throughout the day. Last week they fell off very sensibly in the afternoon.

Owing to new arrangements on some of the Railroads we learn that the facilities for transporting cattle are much improved. The new cars on the Michigan Central and Great Western Railroads are said to be very superior, and the route excellent. The cost of bringing cattle by this route from Illinois to Albany, is \$10.

Next week, it should be remembered, the market takes place on Tuesday.

The following are about the highest and lowest prices:

Extra quality	11@11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Good retailing quality	10@11c.
Inferior do. do.	9@10c.
Cows and Calves	\$25@35.
Veals	4c.@6c.
Swine, alive	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ @7 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
" dead	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ @9c.

Washington Yards, Forty-fourth-street.

A. M. ALLERTON, Proprietor.

RECEIVED DURING THE WEEK.	IN MARKET TO-DAY.
Beeves..... 1534	1526
Cows..... 7	—
Veals..... 521	—
Sheep and lambs..... 717	—
Swine..... 555	—

Of these there came by the Erie Railroad—beeves..... 931

Sheep.....	—
Swine.....	120

By the Hudson River Railroad..... 314

Sheep.....	—
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By the Hudson River Boats—Beeves..... 281

Swine.....	443
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New-York State furnished—beeves.....	—
Ohio, ".....	468
Indiana, ".....	214
Illinois, ".....	602
Texas, ".....	136
Kentucky, ".....	140
Wisconsin, ".....	109

The report of sales for the week, at Browning's, are as follows:

Sheep and Lambs.....	4661
Beeves.....	221
Veals.....	93
Cows and Calves.....	25

The following sales were made at Chamberlain's:

268 Beef Cattle.....	8@11c.
65 Cows and Calves.....	\$25@35
5,714 Sheep and Lambs.....	\$2@3 $\frac{1}{2}$.
114 Veals.....	4@6c.

The Sheep market is not quite as good as last week. There is a full supply on hand, both at Robinson's and Chamberlain's. The sheep are average quality—but rather slow of sale. The average price is about \$3 50. The supplies come mostly from this State, New Jersey, and Ohio. The total supply for the week is about 12,000.

The following are the sales for the week by Mr. McGraw, sheep broker at Browning's:

201 Sheep.....	\$699 00
37 Sheep.....	186 75
256 Sheep.....	899 75
20 Sheep.....	71 50
38 Sheep.....	157 00
47 Sheep.....	218 25
133 Sheep.....	596 05
222 do.....	667 50
112 do.....	288 00
207 do.....	802 61
180 do.....	577 50
147 Lambs.....	510 00
31 do.....	137 50
20 do.....	83 25
25 do.....	68 50
13 do.....	53 00
29 do.....	115 00
1752	Average..... \$3 59.
	\$6,283 16

PRICES CURRENT.

Produce, Groceries, Provisions, &c., &c.

Ashes—	
Pot, 1st sort, 1855.....	Φ 100 lb. —@ 6 50
Pearl, 1st sort, 1855.....	6 50@
Bristles—	
American, Gray and White.....	—45 @—50
Beeswax—	
American Yellow.....	—26 @—27 $\frac{1}{2}$
Coal—	
Liverpool Orrel.....	Φ chaldron —@ 7 50
Scotch.....	—@—
Sidney.....	5 75 @ 6
Pictou.....	5 25 @
Anthracite.....	Φ 2,000 lb. 5 30 @—
Cotton Bagging—	
Gunny Cloth.....	Φ yard.—12 $\frac{1}{2}$ @—

Cotton—

	Upland.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Texas.
Ordinary.....	10	10	10	10
Middling.....	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	12
Middling Fair.....	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	13	13	13
Fair.....	13	13	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	14

Flax—

Jersey.....	Φ b.—8 @—9
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Flour and Meal—

State, common brands.....	8 25 @—
State, straight brands.....	8 37 @—
State, favorite brands.....	8 52 @—
Western, mixed do.....	8 31 @—
Michigan and Indiana, straight do.....	8 75 @—
Michigan, fancy brands.....	9 12 @—
Ohio, common to good brands.....	—@ 9 37
Ohio, fancy brands.....	—@ 9 50
Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, extra do.....	—@ 10—
Genesee, fancy brands.....	9 25 @—
Genesee, extra brands.....	10 75 @12—
Canada.....	10 37 @—
Brandywine.....	10 50 @—
Georgetown.....	10 50 @—
Petersburg City.....	10 50 @—
Richmond Country.....	—@ 10 50
Alexandria.....	—@ 10 50
Baltimore, Howard-Street.....	—@ 10 50
Rye Flour.....	7 25 @—
Corn Meal, Jersey.....	5 —@—
Corn Meal, Brandywine.....	5 25 @—
Corn Meal, Brandywine.....	Φ punch.—@ 22 50

Grain—

Wheat, White Genesee.....	Φ bush.—@—
Wheat, do. Canada.....	—@ 2 50
Wheat, Southern, White.....	2 40 @ 2 50
Wheat, Ohio, White.....	2 45 @—
Wheat, Michigan, White.....	2 45 @ 2 53
Rye, Northern.....	1 70 @—
Corn, Round Yellow.....	—@ 1 04
Corn, Round White.....	—@ 1 12
Corn, Southern White.....	—@ 1 13
Corn, Southern Yellow.....	—@ 1 03
Corn, Southern Mixed.....	—@—
Corn, Western Mixed.....	—@ 1 02
Corn, Western Yellow.....	—@—
Barley.....	1 12 @—
Oats, River and Canal.....	58 @—
Oats, New-Jersey.....	56 @—
Oats, Western.....	64 @—
Peas, Black-Eyed.....	Φ bush. 2 50 @—

Hay—

North River, in bales.....	—@—
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Lime—

Rockland, Common.....	Φ bbl.—@—57
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Molasses—

New-Orleans.....	Φ gall.—30 @—32
Porto Rico.....	—@ 27—32
Cuba Muscovado.....	26 @—30
Trinidad Cuba.....	—@ 27—29
Cardenas, &c.....	—@ 26

Oil Cake—

Thin Oblong, City.....	Φ tun.—@ 42—
Thick, Round, Country.....	—@—

Provisions—

Beef, Mess, Country.....	Φ bbl. 10 50 @12—
Beef, Mess, City.....	10 —@—
Beef, Mess, extra.....	16 25 @16 50
Beef, Prime, Country.....	—@—
Beef, Prime, City.....	Φ tee. 21 @—
Beef, Prime Mess.....	15 12 @—
Pork, Clear.....	19 —@—
Pork, Prime Mess.....	15 —@—
Lard, Ohio, prime, in barrels.....	Φ b.—10 @—
Hams, Pickled.....	—@—94
Shoulders, Pickled.....	—@—74
Beef Ham, in Pickle.....	Φ bbl.—@ 21—
Beef, Smoked.....	Φ b.—@—
Butter, Orange County.....	23 —@ 24
Cheese, fair to prime.....	5 —@ 10

Rice—

Ordinary to fair.....	Φ 100 lb. 5 75 @ 5 87
Good to prime.....	5 87 @ 6 50

Salt—

Turk's Island.....	Φ bush.—@—26
St. Martin's.....	—@—
Liverpool, Ground.....	Φ sack.—85 @—
Liverpool, Fine.....	1 20 @ 1 30
Liverpool, Fine, Ashton's.....	1 40 @—

Sugar—

St. Croix.....	Φ b.—@—
New-Orleans.....	5 —@ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cuba Muscovado.....	5 —@ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Porto Rico.....	7 —@ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Havana, White.....	5 —@ 7
Havana, Brown and Yellow.....	—@—

Tallow—

American, Prime.....	Φ b.—11 $\frac{1}{2}$ @—
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Tobacco—

Virginia.....	Φ b.—@—6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Kentucky.....	7 —@ 13
Maryland.....	—@—
St. Domingo.....	12 —@ 15
Cuba.....	12 —@ 20
Yara.....	35 —@ 43
Havana, Fillers and Wrappers.....	—@ 20 1—
Florida Wrappers.....	15 —@ 60
Connecticut, Seed Leaf.....	6 —@ 18
Pennsylvania, Seed Leaf.....	—@ 13

Wool—

American, Saxony Fleece.....	Φ b.—38 @—42
American, Full Blood Merino.....	36 —@ 37
American, $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ Merino.....	30 —@ 33
American, Native and $\frac{1}{2}$ Merino.....	25 —@ 28
Superfine, Pulled, Country.....	30 —@ 32
No. 1, Pulled, Country.....	23 —@ 25

TO NURSERYMEN.—WANTED.—To

negotiate, as Agent for a Company, for a large quantity of NURSERY STOCK, suitable for stocking a Nursery in Illinois. Address (inclosing stamp),

WM. DAY,
Morristown, N. J.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—The subscriber offers for sale the following valuable Implements:

ALLEN'S HORSE POWER.—Recent improvements in this superior Endless-chain Horse Power, enables it to run much lighter than any other yet manufactured. The forward end requires a foot less elevation than others. This makes it much easier for the Horses.

ADDITIONAL HORSE POWERS:

EMERY'S one and two-horse chain power.
ALLEN'S do. do.
BOGARDUS' Iron Sweep for one to eight horses.
TRIMBLE'S do. do. for one to four do.
WARREN'S do. do. do. do.
TAPLIN'S Circular do. for one to six do.

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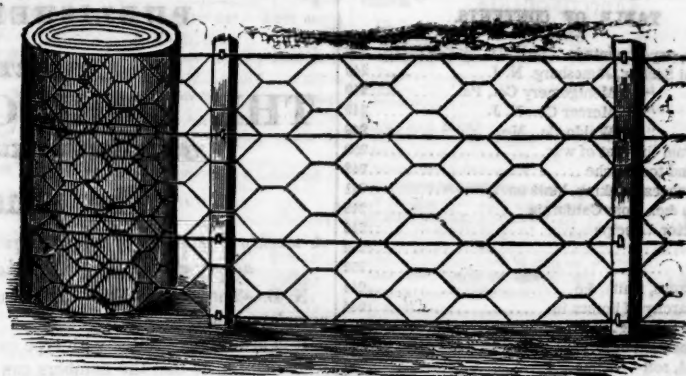
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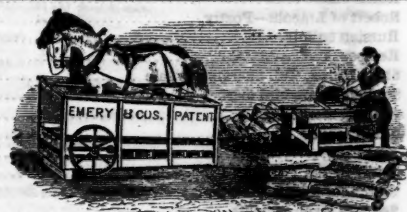
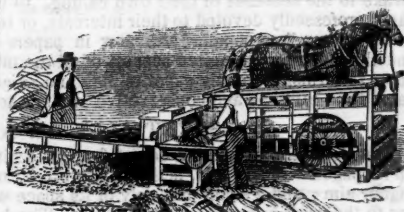
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ALBANY, N. Y., March 15, 1855.

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